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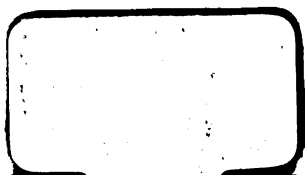
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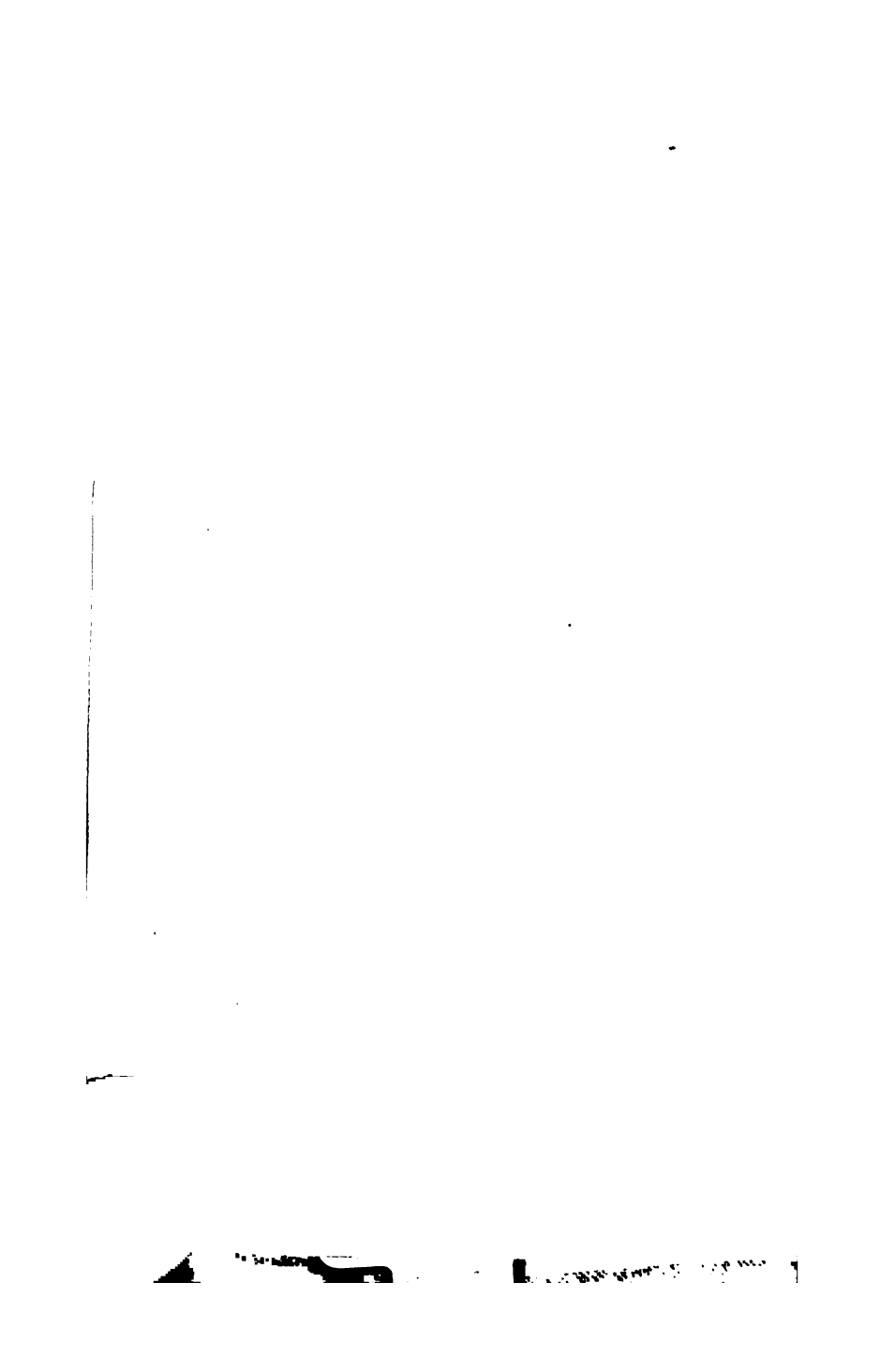
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AGATHONIA.



AGATHONIA.

A Romance.

Handwritten signature/initials

"I saw the old world's white and wave swept bones,
A giant heap of creatures that had been." V.

LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.

MDCCCXLIV.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



AGATHONIA.

PART I.

O WHEREFORE be the warriors of the Khaliph astir in the city,—thronging like emmets the bastions of Rhodes, and clustering like swarming bees upon the Mole?—Above the clang of arms and tramp of feet, riseth the exultation of many voices ; and vanished from every swarthy face is the sternness of ferocity, rendering the name of Saracen a terror in the land. —On every lip is a word of greeting,—in every eye, the brightness of joy !—

O wherefore be the warriors of the Khaliph astir in the city ?—

Behold now and see, throughout the compact throng forming a platform of turbaned heads betwixt the bastions and the Pharos, not a Rhodian

appears! Behold now and see, among the vessels of the Syrians riding triumphantly in that hapless port, once queen of the Levant, three weather-worn brigantines,—mean of equipment, and beggarly of aspect, as though bound on some ill-omened errand.—Lo! these be the newly-anchored ships of Ben-Shedad the Jew, about to bear away from the Island of the Sun the last trophies of her glory!—

And, therefore, be the warriors of the Khaliph astir in the city!—

Talents of gold, as for an Emperor's ransom, hath the Jew of Edessa told down to the Emir of Mohavyah, in exchange for the glorious works of Chares and Lysippus, adorning the island:—even one hundred brazen statues of the Gods; and chiefly, the mighty Colossus, whose ruins have for nine centuries past encumbered the arsenal. The humiliation of the conquered island did not suffice. Its temples razed,—its churches defiled,—its fortresses destroyed,—its villages plundered,—its vineyards rooted up,—its people harassed by exactions,—contented not the barbarians!—The sole surviving monument of its ancient triumphs must be broken in pieces like a potter's vessel; and sold, shekel by shekel, to a

filthy Jew, as though the hand of genius had never consecrated the metal with the glorious lineaments of a God!—

This, even this, maketh the Pagan warriors to rejoice!—

To furnish forth new triumphs for the sons of the Prophet over the crouching neck of Christendom, are destined the talents of Ben-Shedad; for from the waters of the Tigris to the waves of the Ægean, reacheth a rumour that Yezid, the son of Mohavyah, armeth a mighty fleet, wherewith to besiege the city of Christian Empire.—And while the forests of Libanus supply ships and Phœnicia mariners, the disencumbered arsenal of Rhodes shall lend its aid towards the spoliation of Byzantium, that high above the cross of Constantine the victorious crescent be exalted!—

This, even this, maketh the Pagan warriors to rejoice!—

O was it for such an end the daughters of the Island of the Sun flung their golden bracelets into the furnace; was it for this the Rhodians of old contributed their vessels of gold, and vessels of silver, and mail of the adamant of Cyprus, unto the

precious metal whose fusion was to create an image worthy their chosen divinity,—that God of day, against whose august protection of their walls the son of Antigonus had launched his war-engines in vain?—

“Yea!” cry the Moslems, in their joy, “yea! Apollo hath fallen, and Jehovah also shall fall! Allahillah Allah!—There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!—New shame for the Christian dogs;—new triumphs for the faithful!”—

Loud rang the laughter of a knot of youthful chiefs, assembled on the Mole, at sight of the cowed and creeping figures of the Edessian crew, as they issued from their ships to make allotment of the morrow's work; stealing through the throng of Saracens towards the bastion of the Colossus, where lay huge heaps of statues of brass, gathered from all the cities of the island. Awe-struck were they and afraid, as though the presence of their haughty persecutors overmastered even the joyful anticipation of gain.

“Away, circumcised dogs!” exclaimed Velid, the son of Othman, (the Emir commanding the legions of the faithful in the city of Rhodes,) .

repelling by a disdainful gesture the attempt made by Meshech, the cringing brother of Ben-Shedad, to kiss the hem of his garment as he passed. "What need had this scum of Abraham to defile our port with more than the crews of his brigantines?—Hath not the island artificers cunning of craft as those of Edessa?"—

"Show me the Rhodian that could be moved to lay a finger on the ancient palladium of his isle!"—shouted Sidi Hémet, the captain of the galleys of the Khaliph.

"Then might the camp of the faithful have supplied workmen!"—interposed Al-Mâhmon, the younger of the three captains.—"Are the hammers of our armourers of Damascus less adroit in their calling than those of Hebrew or Greek?"—

"But that the edict of the Commander of the faithful forbids all obstruction to the contract of this Hebrew hound," resumed Velid, "headlong into the harbour should pitch his cowardly herd; and the catapults of the arsenal batter to pieces the trunk of the old statue!—Before a week's ending, the freighted brigantines of Ben-Shedad might hoist their patched sails, and bear afar the men and merchandise of an abhorred generation."

A loud cry of derision now saluted the Jews, as they approached the spot where, like a worsted giant spent of its strength, lay the Colossus, imbedded in sand amid an upspringing growth of weeds and rushes. And how harsh and uncongenial sounded the clamour of that barbarian populace, amid the soft and breathless atmosphere of Greece; a sky of speckless chrysolite above, and, around, the blue waters of the Levant, enfolding in their faithful mantle the dishonoured island of the Sun!

“In the name of the Prophet, let not the soldiers hear thy threat!”—exclaimed Al-Mâhmon to his friend; “or, in their present mood, all were over with the Edessians!”—

“Fear nothing!—the voice and temper of my men are known to me!”—replied the Emir’s son. “Mockery, and not bloodshed, is in yonder cry!—They do but expend their jeers on the sons of that heartless, soulless race, which sold a brother into captivity, and made a mart of the temple of their God!”

Nevertheless, lest the misrule of the moment should excite uproar among the people, the young chiefs directed their steps towards the bastion of

the Colossus ; whereupon the setting sun was pouring its full effulgence, as though to glorify the last moments of its fallen symbol !—The earth shone like a reflection of the sky : and soothing as gales from paradise was the delicious climate of the isle to men whose brows were scorched by the sands of the desert.—For lo ! a gentle breath seemed to exhale from the cool depths of the waters, freshening the atmosphere, charged by the gardens surrounding the city with the perfume of a thousand roses ;—those glorious flowers whose luxuriance in the olden time assigned the name of RHODUS to the favoured island of the sun !

“ Holy Prophet !—whom have we here ?—*More* Jews ?—*More* strangers ? ” suddenly exclaimed Sidi Hémet, grasping with a detaining hand the white tunic of Velid, as a murmur arising from the outskirts of the throng betwixt the bastions and the inner gate of the city, deepened into a roar yet more contemptuous than had saluted the transit of the Jews.—And lo ! amid the tumult appeared an advancing group, whereon the eyes of the Saracens were riveted with wonder.

Dispersing with his gruff voice and ensign of

authority the obstruction of the struggling multitude, came a son of Anak, an Ascalonian of the Emir's guard;—clearing the way for a litter of mean aspect, borne by a Numidian bondsman,—a strong man though grizzled,—and three Rhodians of humble degree. Slow and patient was their march, as in tenderness to the charge within; and beside the litter, walked two females closely veiled, according to the custom of the isle;—the one, judging by her gait, advanced in age,—the other, of tenderer years.

As the group approached, instinctive deference stayed the steps of the youthful chiefs. But as it passed onward, in silence followed they the strangers, to ascertain the motive of such strange intrusion. And lo! as they moved, the mass of soldiers fell back deferentially on either side, in token of respect to the presence of Velid, the son of the Emir.

O welcome to the trembling hearts of the two women, that sudden opening of the throng! No longer hemmed in by the rough pressure of the soldiery, the younger ceased to cling to her companion; but pursued her way with graceful and stately gesture, like a young roe preceding the herd amid the forests of Carmel.

But behold ! when the litter and its escort attained the platform of the Colossus, where stood in conference the workmen of Ben-Shedad, applying their measuring rods to the statue, amid the gibes of the populace, a shout of insolent reviling greeted the arrival of the Rhodians ; and the heathen soldiers mocked them aloud, saying, “ Bismillah !—the men of the island come to watch the weighing in the balance of their God, ere he be cast into the fiery furnace of the sons of Abraham ! ”—

Firm stood the litter-bearers under this rude assault. Even the two women did but press the closer to the side of the stern old Moor, whose darkness and immobility of feature emulated the hue of the Colossus that lay before them, on the very spot to which it had been precipitated, in the days of Cleomenes, by the shock of an earthquake. Detached from the trunk, the gigantic head up reared itself from the soil ;—the open eyes fixed stedfastly on the vault of the empyrean, as if disdaining to measure with its glance divine the pigmy race of mortals by which its glory was contemned !—

Having drawn near unto the statue, the Rhodians halted ; and lo ! the curtains of the litter being

gently unclosed by a tremulous hand, a venerable grey head was manifest,—spiritual as that of an apostle,—mild as that of a sage!—

With wistful eyes gazed the old man upon the statue, whereon was now streaming the refulgent lustre of the western sky;—fixedly and sadly contemplating the august proportions of the Colossus, as one who strives to impress indelibly on his memory the features of some beloved face.

This having done for some moments in silence, he covered his face with his garment, and wept!

PART II.

O LOUD was then the clamour of mockery from that heathen crowd !—Even the minions of Ben-Shedad, so shamefaced before, gathered courage from the scorn heaped by the Pagans on the new comers.

“Behold,” cried Meshech, the chief among the Jews, “the old Rhodian wetteth the dust with his tears to prepare the way for the triumph of his God !”—

“Shout and rejoice, faint-hearted gray-beard, rather than weep !” added a Saracen archer who stood by ; “for thy graven image which was abased shall be exalted !—By the grace of the Khaliph its flesh shall be coined into piastres, to launch a gallant fleet for the armies of the faithful !”

While he was yet speaking, encouraged by the merriment of the standers-by, the younger of the two females advancing inclined her face tenderly towards the litter ; and an arm white as the marble of Paros stole gently from the silken foldings of her

veil to embrace the venerable neck of the old man so bitterly derided.—And behold! they wept together!

Straightway, like the hushing of a storm, subsided the uproar of the multitude ;—for sacred to the sons of the desert is the pious love uniting the father and the child. And it came to pass that when the people of Ben-Shedad beheld this thing, dreading lest the sympathy of the soldiers with those weeping Rhodians should respite the Colossus from annihilation, and wrest their bargain from their hands, in the cunning of their souls strove they to excite against the Christians the evil passions of the followers of the prophet.—

“Not for the destruction of their brazen image do these Rhodians bewail themselves!” cried they, wagging their heads ;—“but that their island should be enthralled by Pagan conquest!”

“Even the yoke of their new masters were easy to bear,” cried Meshech,—“did it not also gall the entrammelled neck of the Sepulchre of the Nazarene!”—

“Away with the Christian dogs,—away with them!”—yelled a third.—“By their ruthless will, not a drop of Moslem or Hebrew blood should

remain unspilled within the precincts of Christendom!"—

And lo! the cry of "away with the Christian dogs," thus raised, was fearfully re-echoed by the throng, ever ready to respond to evil incitement; and vain became the endeavours of the Ascalonian to keep back the soldiers; who, pressing fiercely upon the litter, overwhelmed with their threats and insults the sorrow of the gray-headed man.

Thus backed in their cowardly audacity, one among the Jews more daring than the rest, seized with a sacrilegious hand the venerable beard of the stranger!—Whereupon, with the speed of lightning, the white arm encircling his neck was disengaged from its clasp; and, like a wounded lioness, the Rhodian maiden sprang forward to repel the attack of the dastardly assailant. Stern as an avenging spirit stood she there; regardless that the discomposure of her veil had given to the gaze of eyes profane, a form and face gifted with that exquisite symmetry whereof the chisel of ancient Greece hath immortalised the type. But O how unlike those marble effigies her panting frenzy of indignation, and the glow of outraged feeling painting her cheek!—

The passions of woman's mortal nature were there, blending with a majesty of loveliness half-divine !

The myrtle wreath defending her brow against the fervour of the summer heat, served to enhance its snowy hue by the darkness of the glossy leaves thus intermingled with her raven hair ; and unconfin'd was the tunic enfolding her shapely form, save by the cincture of a silken zone. And as she stood there, with flashing eyes and parted lips, defying the misbeliever who had dared to defile the gray hairs sacred to her pious affection, she might have passed for a youthful priestess of the earlier ages of her country, revealing from the foot of the altar the oracles of the God !

"Smite the ruffian to the dust !" cried the voice of Valid, addressing the Ascalonian, who had already drawn his sabre to ward off the attack of the Jews. And, in a moment, down rolled the offender at the feet of the aged Numidian, whose bare breast was heaving with rage at the offence offered to his master.

"Under what authority come these Christians hither ?"—demanded Valid of the Ascalonian.

"Under that of my lord the Emir !"—replied the soldier, saluting with his sabre the son of the Khaliph's representative.

“And whom, I pray thee, bear they in yonder litter?”—persisted the young chief, in a lower voice, hesitating to proclaim an interest in the heroic maiden, who, her moment of inspiration past, had crept back like a trembling hind to the side of the venerable stranger, and stood concealing her face within the curtains of the litter; as though the unnatural silence of the crowd appalled her more than its previous angry reviling.

“The Hakem of Larnaca!”—replied the soldier; adding in a louder voice, as if to challenge the ear of the people,—“him whom they call in the island, Telephus, the physician!”—

O fickle and perverse generation!—No sooner was the well-known name of Telephus caught up by those who stood nearest the litter, and repeated from lip to lip to the uttermost verge of the crowd, than there rose from the multitude a murmur of shame and deprecation, as the wailing of a southern breeze amid the woods of Libanus. Leaving their comrade still biting the dust, the Israelites slunk away discomfited; for lo! a thousand epithets of gratitude and veneration accompanied on all sides the iteration of the name of Telephus!—

Even the youthful chiefs stood abashed. Grieved were they in soul that their presence had seemed to sanction an offence offered to the pride of Rhodes, the Alexandrian sage, the benefactor of the human race. Nor dared they uplift their eyes towards the maiden, around whose lovely form the aged nurse was silently re-disposing her veil, while the gray-headed man murmured, in broken accents,—“Be comforted, O be comforted, my Agathonia!”—

“Pardon, I pray thee, the trespass of these rude sons of the camp!” said Velid, respectfully approaching the litter. “For my own offence, O Telephus, in that the son of Othman knew not the face of the preserver of his father, pardon there is none!” Then, stooping as he addressed the venerable man, to press his lips to the withered hand, still wet with the tears of Agathonia, he added in a lower voice,—“But that I am still a stranger in the island, my shame were greater than I could bear!”—

With silent wonder gazed the receding throng on the homage thus publicly rendered by the son of the Emir to a Rhodian and a Christian. But to some among them was the mystery familiar; and as the

rumour had now circulated along the bastions that the physician of Larnaca and his household were come to bid a last farewell to the treasures of Rhodes, old men and children came tottering to the spot, to gaze on one whose wisdom was as a providence in the land ;—while the Syrian women, suttlers of the camp, stooped down their sun-scarred brows, to kiss the hem of the garments of Agathonia. But for the renewed interposition of the Ascalonian, the strangers had been once more surrounded.

“My own rashness have I to blame,” observed Telephus, when he regained sufficient composure to address the son of the Emir, “for having ventured hither. Ill-chosen was the moment ; since the child of my affections would not be gainsayed from bearing me company. But irresistible was the impulse of my soul towards an object associated with all that is holiest to its recollections. While yet a child, my feeble steps were guided hither by my parents, to do homage to a wreck which, nine centuries before, formed a landmark for the mariners of Greece ;—a token to the gods from the grateful Rhodians, for preservation from the helepoles of Demetrius Polior-

octes, and restoration to freedom, prosperity, and peace!"

"The impulse of thy soul was as the weakness of strength!"—replied Velid; "for holy as the yearning of a mother towards her child, is the love of the patriot. I would, O Telephus, thy purpose had brought forth less bitter fruit!—But be of good cheer!—A company of my archers shall escort thee back in safety through the city."

"For the sake of my Agathonia, thanks!" replied the mild old man, sinking back exhausted in the litter; and while the Jews stood afar off, conferring among themselves how best to tender atonement to Telephus of Larnaca, seeing that the men in authority were thus tender of his person, the son of Othman issued his word, and an escort was formed around the litter.—The curtains being drawn anew, the bearers prepared to resume their march.

And lo! when, amid the benedictions of the people, the Syrian soldiers closed around it in serried array concealing from sight the Rhodian train, a ray of sunshine seemed suddenly excluded from the spot!

Gazing after them in silence, stood Velid and his

companions ; till the bowmen disappeared under the dark arch-way of the city-gate, cut with its fosse and ramparts in the solid rock.—Even when lost to view, vain were the endeavours of the young chiefs to resume the strain of discourse in which they had been previously indulging. Their hearts were troubled within them !

“Thrice venerable and thrice lovely !” suddenly exclaimed Al Mâhmon, the younger and franker of the three. “Ill do our dark-browed maidens of Araby abide comparison with these daughters of Greece !—O who can marvel at the exploits of their mighty men of valour, when stimulated by the inspiration of such surpassing beauty !”

“But what spake ye of benefits conferred by Telephus on my lord the Emir ?”—roughly demanded Sidi Hémet.

“Heardest thou never how, during the besiegement of the city, my father received a crushing wound from one of the Rhodian engines of war ?” cried Velid, impatient of interruption to his train of thought.


“The honourable scars he bears must evermore cause it to be had in remembrance !”—was the respectful rejoinder of Al Mâhmon.

“ Know then in Telephus of Larnaca the Hakem, who, brought in chains to my father’s presence after the fall of the citadel, to give counsel on his treatment, stipulated as his reward, in place of silver of gold, the freedom without ransom of forty of his countrymen.—Yet lay his dwelling at that moment razed to the ground by our engines, so that he had not where to lay his head !”

“ With the noble heart abideth the noble mind !” cried the captain of the galleys. “ By the glory or Allah ! I marvel no longer at his cure of my lord the Emir. Nor is the fame of this man minished in the land. For never chanceth there sickness among my oarsmen, but away hieth the ailing man to Larnaca and all is healed !”

“ So also among my soldiers !”—cried Al Mâhmon, “ Loudly as the Rhodians, do the faithful uplift their voices in praise of Telephus !”

And now, having entered the city-gates, fast by the ancient church of St. Nicholas,—where floated the standard of the Crescent in token of its conversion into a mosque,—the voice of the Muezzin from the tower, calling the faithful to prayer, apprised them that the sun was gone down.



Like oil poured upon warring waves, was the influence of the hour of worship over the struggles of the city!—All, all was stilled!—And behold! the newly-enkindled light of the Pharos trembled, like a star of evening, in the translucent sky!—

PART III.

WHITE in the early day lie the tented lines of the Saracens, striping the plain betwixt the fortifications of the city and the mount of St. Stephen ; and shrill is the clarion of their trumpets in the air, and loud the neighing of the war-horse. The careering squadrons are already a-field ; for lo ! the Emir, mistrusting the temper of the Rhodians on the eve of the humiliating dismantlement of their city, hath decreed a day of martial exercise for the camp. Spearmen and bowmen,—axeman of Bassora and Bedoween of the desert, are on the alert, to take part in the mimic war ;—their drawn sabres flashing in the sun ; and sparkling like stars on the firmament the points of their burnished lances.

O never till now was the hour of duty a weary hour to the son of Othman the Emir !—From the court of Mohavyah a new-comer at Rhodes, be-hoveth him more than others to accomplish his dis-

cipline of command. Yet heavy on his listless soul hangs the flagging hour, while his Syrians achieve the skirmish towards Lindus, assigned them among the manœuvres of the day;—heavy, yea heavy upon his soul. For a purpose to be accomplished ere set of sun absorbeth every pulse of his heart; and behold! the hour of duty hath become a weary hour to the son of Othman the Emir.

At length soundeth from the camp the signal of recall; and to its loud alarum, faintly reply from afar the trumpets of the scattered troops. Squadron by squadron appear the dazzling cohorts, returning slowly across the plain; a line of hovering dust revealing their winding march around the base of the distant hill. Done are the duties of the day; and horseman and horse, oppressed by weariness and glare, turn joyfully for refreshment towards the camp of their rest.

Yet the foot of Velid tarrieth still in the stirrup! Peradventure the Emir's son repaireth to the city, to render an account to his father of the issue of the field?—No! as the Lord liveth, his face is turned towards Philermus, under whose shadow is the valley of Larnaca, the refuge of Telephus the physician!

Needeth not the touch of his golden spur to urge the charger on his way ; for pleasant to the feet of the Arab is the green turf of the valley they must pursue. Studded with noble plane trees, and spanned by an aqueduct, the work of ancient Rhodes, gradually expandeth the narrow vale, as the road, ascending towards Zimboli, attaineth a site dear to the traditions of the island ; even the school of Eschines, where the Athenian orator, exiled by the envy of Demosthenes, instructed the Rhodians in the dialectics of the portico ; founding a school of eloquence wherein Cato, Cæsar, Pompey, and the latter Brutus, disdained not to become students. Even Tiberius is recorded to have received instruction from its rostrum of art.

A moment paused the son of Othman beside the bubbling fountain welling from that delicious spot ; to listen to the innumerable nightingales haunting the adjacent thickets of arbutus and myrtle ; while the earth under his feet seemed carpeted as with the gorgeous and begemmed tissue of the Persian loom, shared by his father from the plunder of the palace of Chosroës ;—so vivid was the enamelling of the myriads of hyacinths and violets filling the air

with their fragrance, and intoxicating the honey-bees that supply the far-famed combs of Philermus.

“Well art thou named O hill, the Hill of Hyacinths!” murmured the young Saracen, reluctant that his horse’s hoofs should deface that glorious garden-ground of nature; then, turning to the west, (instructed by a Rhodian neatherd who had brought his oxen from the pastures to drink at the fountain of Zimboli,) he entered the gorge of a valley so cleft into the mountain side, that the torrent leaping forth from its entrance appeared to burst from the very bowels of Philermus.

But though foaming fretfully amid the fragments of rock scattered from the mountain heights as if expressly to restrain its wilful course—of calm and more contented aspect became the brook when cradled within the green breast of the valley. Above the ledge of rock, the leap from whence imparted force to its issue, the level stream appeared less angry, and the rocks less rude. Thickets of oleander and alaternus clothed the receding acclivities on either side; while between the jutting angles of the cliffs, the silvery caper sprinkled with its white blossoms, as in sport, a summer-shower of snow.

High overhead clustered the dark spires of the sepulchral cypress,—pinnacles of a self-created temple of Nature, whose altar-stone was formed by a mosaic of anemones inserted in the short green turf.—Every where, fragrance,—every where, brightness and bloom!—But for the noisy chirping of the grasshoppers, the charm of that lonely valley had been as the soft illusion of a dream!—

On a sudden, the valley seemed to lose its brightness, and the flowers their gorgeousness of hue. For lo! through the winding of its undulations, the majestic frame of Philermus excluded the radiance of the western sky; so that a mighty shadow fell upon the depths of Larnaca.

Nor was that welcome shade the sole refreshment of the spot. A cluster of planes of gigantic stature divided, as by a verdant wall, the straitened pass, concealing its further mysteries; and cool ran the crystal waters in their shallow bed, protected by the leafy panoply from the light and heat of day. Extended as in benediction over the stream were those mighty arms; nor marvelled the wanderer to find a shepherd and his flock sleeping on the grass beside its green margin, enjoying in luxurious sympathy the drowsiness of earth and sky!

Startled from his inactivity by the abrupt questioning of Velid touching the abode of the Hakem, the shepherd reluctantly unclosed his eyes, to shut them again, dazzled by the rich accoutrements of the Saracen, and the caparisons of his steed.

"Were the dew upon the grass, O stranger," he replied, "need were there none to mistrust thy way to the dwelling of Telephus! But the path brushed at dawn of day by the feet of those who seek his counsel, exhalet in the meridian sun; and by the northern issue of the valley is the speedier road for horsemen from the city. Howbeit thou standest on the threshold of my master's house."

Impervious, however, appeared the rampart of defence created by the drooping branches of those ancient plane-trees, sweeping on every side the earth as if expressly to repel the advance of the stranger. Dismounting, therefore, he fastened his horse to a tree.

"The hour is past," remonstrated the shepherd, "wherein my master entertaineth the complaint of the sick; and thy garb is not the garb of the bidden guests of Telephus."

An ireful glow burnt on the swarthy cheek of

the Saracen as he listened. But he passed on, unheeding.

"Be warned at least O stranger," shouted the shepherd, recoiling from the impetuous movements of the irritated charger as it strove to disengage itself from the bole of the plane-tree,—whose scaly bark was as the body of some rampant reptile,—
"be warned that, by virtue of the green barriers stamped with the ensign of the crescent standing at the entrance of the valley, nor tax nor impost reacheth my master's house. Warrant of protection hath he from my lord the Emir, as a safeguard to the valley of Larnaca."

Deaf to his remonstrance, the son of the desert had already forced a way between the sturdy branches; and putting aside the leafy screen, found himself on the verge of a vast lawn of verdure; high in the midst whereof, arose a noble mass of rocks.

At the first glance, nothing was apparent amid its angles and inequalities, save the rich and streaming growth of wild flowers, ever springing from such interstices in the fostering climate of the Levant. But soon, to his inquiring eye, became manifest latticed windows and doors, inserted among the

fissures. A faint vapour of smoke ascended from the topmost pinnacle. For lo ! before him was the rock of Larnaca,—the mountain-home of the philosopher of Rhodes.

Scarce could the Saracen refrain from a cry of admiration, as he greeted, through its embroidered veil of blossoms, the singular dwelling of the sage. Eastward of the rock, a portion of the open space was set apart and fenced with interwoven osiers, for the cultivation of a herb-garden, interspersed with turfen paths ; while towards the north, casting its vast shadow over the bridle-road described by the shepherd as leading from the city, stood a glorious plane-tree,—a gigantic mass of verdure, rivalling the proportions of the rock. So weighty were its ancient boughs, that, at intervals, marble props had been placed for their sustainment,—fragments of columns and votive altars, gracing aforetime the temple of Ceres on the mountain's brow. With the lapse of ages, the bark had yielded to their pressure ; till the marble, penetrating the growing boughs, appeared to form with the wood a common though discordant nature ;—like a human soul whereinto prejudice hath eaten a way, and become part of its substance.

Fast beside the umbrageous tree stood a loaded camel, held by a driver in mean attire ; while one of similar form of raiment but loftier deportment, as having authority, was engaged in earnest discourse with the aged nurse by whom the litter of Telephus had been accompanied the preceding night.

Unveiled was her venerable face, and unconstrained her mien, as she sat within the shadow of the plane-tree, caressing a milk-white goat that lay at her feet with its head resting against her knee. But so wide a space intervened betwixt Velid and the marble ledge whereon she was seated, that the voices of the speakers reached him not. From their gestures only . did he infer that the strangers were merchants, seeking to dispose of their wares ; or petitioners, urging upon the old servitress some unwelcome demand.

On a signal from his chief, the camel-driver promptly brought forth and extended before her the contents of his bales ; whereof the averted face of the Greek expressed unqualified disdain. Right justly ! For mean and colourless showed those carpets of Trebizond beside the gorgeous tissue of green and gold, the brocade of herbage and jonquils, wherewith the lavish hand of Nature had embellished the ground !

As if weary of the importunity of the merchants, in whom Velid soon discerned with disgust the cringing people of Ben-Shedad, the aged woman arose and busied herself with the setting forth of a table, at hand in the shade. Piles of golden oranges placed she there: tawny pomegranates, and the amber grapes of Rhodes, whose rich fruitage has been celebrated by Virgil; water, sparkling in a crystal cruise, and a single canister of bread.—O joyful spectacle to the eyes of Velid!—The altar of hospitality thus prepared, the solemnisers of its rites must be at hand!—

Ere he could determine whether to advance or recede, from the dwelling of the rock issued the old Numidian bondsman; who, at the prompting of the nurse, uplifted his voice so roughly against the importunate Jews, that right glad were they to close their bales and quit the spot.—Nevertheless, ere the camel-driver had guided his beast a bowshot length, he drew up unobserved among the trees, to await in ambush the coming forth of the physician.

And O what marvel the boldness and fixedness of his resolve, since about to be so richly rewarded! For lo! when the venerable Hakem made his ap-

pearance,—slowly bending his steps from the threshold of his door towards the simple banquet prepared for him in the shade,—his wasted frame was leaning for support on the gentle arm of the fairest of the daughters of Greece.

Every pulse in the thrilling breast of the son of Othman beat high with emotion, as from beneath the shadow of the trees he fixed his exulting eyes once more upon the superhuman loveliness of Agathonia!—

PART IV.

MILD hour of Evening,—tranquil, silent, holy,—
softly stealing upon the heart of man, and sweetly
breathing upon his brow,—hail to thy soothing influ-
ence,—which created so prompt a league of amity
between the fiery Saracen and the benignant sage of
Larnaca !—

While the son of the Emir, advancing towards the
board of Telephus with humble but manly greeting,
renewed his contrite avowals of the preceding night,
Agathonia, as in usage bound, retreated from the
gaze of the stranger ; and lo ! a bidden guest, Valid
enjoyed sweet converse with the venerable man.

Thanks unto God the giver, were the first words
spoken at the board ; and soon, the friendly shade of
the plane-trees over head,—the savour of the fruits
of the earth before them,—and the subduing influence
of the balmy atmosphere and scene around,—begat a
feeling as betwixt sire and son in those twain,—

dissevered in creed and condition as the arctic from the antarctic pole.

"On my own head be the reproach of my rash visit to the city!" said the mild old man. "The protection accorded by the strong arm of thy father, makes me oftentimes forget how odious the name of Christian in the ears of his legions, and how obnoxious the person of a Rhodian in Syrian sight. Peradventure, also, the weakness of human vanity inspired me with too fond a trust in the impunity of Telephus the physician."

"Were rumour of the insults heaped on his preserver breathed in the ear of Othman," cried Velid, "heavy would fall the retribution upon the heads of the offenders!—Above all, upon the filthy slaves of Ben-Shedad,—unworthy to unloose the shoe-latchet of a follower of thy Prophet or my own."

"The follower of Christ bids thee forgive them!" answered Telephus; "for like His ungodly persecutors, they knew not what they did!—The fault was with the weak old man unable to refrain from the indulgence of a tender sorrow over the last tokens of the fallen glory of his country. Consecrated to my filial love is the greatness of ancient Rhodes, in

that wondrous effigy which, from the height of its seventy cubits, defied of old the despots of the Syrian and Egyptian shores ; reminding them, amid their pomps of Empire by its shadow on the waters, of the independence of an insignificant island, whereunto energy and intelligence assigned gigantic proportions.—When Cecrops ruled the land, was Rhodes the sovereign of the sea ?—While David was king over Israel, and ere the name of Carthage was heard, our republic gave maritime law to the kingdoms of the earth. Nay, Rome herself, in the plenitude of her wisdom and strength, was content to engraft into her codes our Rhodian enactments, to sway the destinies of navigators for ever and ever.”

“ Unskilled are the sons of the desert in the mysteries of the great deep !” rejoined Velid, with the rising flush of ruffled pride. “ Behold Sahara is our ocean, and tents be the galleys of our tribes !”—

“ Not long so to abide !” rejoined Telephus, with firmness. “ The ancient dockyards of Rhodes, Cyprus, Syracuse, being submitted to the sons of the prophet, a great futurity is in their hands.—With *us*,” added the old man, with a sigh, “ abides the dim and fading past !”—

"Abounding in the treasures of memory, deny not unto others the riches of hope!" pleaded the son of the Emir, more mildly.

"But since ye snatch from our feeble grasp these treasures of memory?"—retorted the physician. "That ruined statue, which it needed an earthquake to overthrow from its august predominance over our harbour, in *thine* eyes a mass of metal, was hallowed unto mine, even as the graves of my fathers!—It sprang to life, O Velid, in a glorious time.—Great spirits were upon the earth. The echoes of the world had not forgotten the voice of Alexander; and on the Egyptian shore, Ptolemy arose from his throne to salute the majesty of the Colossus. Among the first to ascend its mighty stair and gaze upon the wonders of the deep, were Pyrrhus the terror of kingdoms, and Euclid the instructor of ages.—The words of Socrates and Plato, nay of the inspired prophets of Israel, still lingered in the air; nor had the wisdom of the son of Sirach yet diffused in Judea the lessons of the sages of Greece.—Yet this witness of the marvels of antiquity hast thou doomed to destruction!"—

"The mountain under whose shadow we sit,

beheld also these things !" pleaded the son of Othman, "and remains for their everlasting attestation."

"In the greatness and steadfastness of Philermus, I adore the eternal Majesty of the Creator, who hath laid its mighty foundations so fast that they cannot be moved !" replied Telephus, devoutly raising his eyes to heaven.—"The trophies after which I repine were a token of the evanished glories of my country.—One by one have the possessions in which the Rhodians delighted, been wrested from their love. Ere yet the Colossus was in existence, had the pencil of Protogenes of Caunus enriched our island with his far-famed picture of the feats of Jalyus, offspring of the sun and founder of our city.—Apelles himself beheld the masterwork upon the easel, and saw that it was good ; nay ! Demetrius the city-destroyer withheld the play of his war-engines from a suburb of Rhodes, because therein the great painter was accomplishing his creation !—Yet this triumph of ancient art hath ceased to delight us,—ceased even to exist. By right of conquest removed by Cassius from our island, when Commodus reigned in Rome, the conflagration of the Temple of Concord wherein such treasures were deposited, destroyed the picture

of Jalysus, even as the furnace of Ben-Shedad shall consume the brazen image of his sire!"—

"The Koran of the Holy Prophet interdicts all portraiture of the created works of Allah!" rejoined Velid, gravely. "Nevertheless I feel with thee in thy yearning after these memorials of thy great of old!"

"The first statues dedicated to the gods were the work of the Rhodians!" resumed Telephus, cheered by the respectful sympathy of his young guest: "Even of the Telchines, natives of our city of Jalysus; and, as born on the sea-coast, asserted by Diodorus to be sons of Neptune. Hence, the multitude of images gracing our island. Phidias, Lysiphus, Chares, Laches, bequeathed household gods to our hearths, and heroes to our temples. And, behold! to what uses have they come! Yonder, beside my threshold, lies a marble trunk, the colossal effigy of Minerva, to whose temple on the brow of Philermus the kings of Egypt sent gifts! And lo! the soldiers of thy camp have sawed away the head, to make a hand-mill for the grinding of their corn!"

"By the holy Prophet, they belied the warriors of the Khaliph, who told thee the tale!" cried Velid,

with energy. "What need have they of hand-mills, seeing that my father hath instructed the island in our Syrian mystery? Hadst thou extended thy pilgrimage last night unto the sea-shore, mills hadst thou seen, like houses with uplifted sails, whereby the winds of Heaven accomplish the work of man's hand."

"Such have I beheld on the shores of the Red Sea," replied the physician;—"I knew not of their erection in Rhodes. Beseech thee, thank in my name the Emir of the Commander of the faithful, that he bestoweth somewhat on our island, in place of all he hath taken away."

At the word, fiercely kindled with ire the dark eye of the Arab. And O how needful the recollection of Agathonia's beauty, to impose silence upon his lips.

"If the image of their tutelary god were so dear to the Rhodians," said he, subduing his wrath, "in the name of the Prophet, wherefore I pray thee, was it left for centuries in inglorious prostration on the earth?"

"The All-seeing God vouchsafed them a purer worship!" replied Telephus, meekly. "The tables

of the law obeyed by Christ himself, being adopted by his followers, graven images became no more to us than objects of art. Like the Romans under the instruction of Numa, our sculptors thenceforward dedicated their art to the commemoration of heroes and worthies."

"More than two centuries before the birth of Christ, occurred the downfall of the Colossus," persisted the young soldier; "yet what previous effort was made for the restoration of its pristine pride?"

"The reparation of the Colossus was the object of constant solicitude," replied Telephus; "and pious aid was lent to the project by all the cities of Greece. But the rapacity of the priests interposed. The Oracle of Delphi forbade the re-inauguration of the statue; and behold! the contributions of our generous allies became the spoil of sacerdotal cupidity."

"The priests!"—exclaimed the son of Othman, with a scornful gesture; "still and ever—the priests! By them, by their petty enactments, their corruptions, their tyrannies, their multiplication of gods and altars in order to ramify and extend their power and their extortions,—fell the various creeds of the

ancient world! One thousand of these locusts fed daily at the table of Jezebel; but who shall number the multitudes still gorged in all the kingdoms of the earth, upon the substance of the people? Egypt and Assyria, impatient of their yoke, have ceased to bow the knee to Baal, and flung off the domination of the Magi. Thy church, even thy Christian church, hath suffered more from the dissensions, extortions, and intolerance of its priesthood, than from all the persecutions of the heathen; and when it falls, as fall it must, will perish through the opposition of temporal princes to spiritual rapine. The verbal juggling,—the sleight of hand and heart,—betrayed to the eyes of men by the mutual and blood-guilty hatred of patriarch and pontiff,—the rival churches of Egypt, Rome, and Greece, testifying against each other, as of old, upon Mount Carmel, the prophet Elijah and the priests of Baal,—have wrought shame, as by the hand of an enemy, to the cross of Christ. Blessed be the name of the Prophet! who, in the faith of his bestowing, united spiritual with temporal supremacy; exalting in the person of the Khaliph the authority of church and state. Strong in such elements of power, behold the

faith of Mahomet already triumphs in Africa and Asia; and firm is the foot of the Commander of the faithful upon the trembling confines of Europe. Persia is our own—Egypt—Assyria!—Supreme is the Crescent over Jerusalem the Holy, and Babylon the Great! From the banks of the Euphrates to the shores of the Atlantic, soon shall the triumphant cry ascend to the throne of Allah, that the world acknowledgeth one God, and that Mahomet is his prophet!”

“It may be so,—it may be so!”—faltered Telephus, in a dejected tone; “for thy faith is a faith of conquest and ambition, and that of Christ a faith of humbleness and peace;—the still small voice after the tempest;—the quail-call in the grass after the scream of the eagle on the rock!—Nevertheless, as the rose of Sharon bloometh in the waste places, and the diamond sparkleth in the sunless mine, hath the Lord our God his throne of glory in the depths of the persecuted heart. I, even I, O son of Othman! who have beheld thy prophet, not through a glass, darkly, but face to face, as the eye of man looketh on his fellow man—”

“Thou—*thou* hast stood in the presence of the

apostle of God?" interrupted Velid, starting from his place; and, prepared to do humblest homage to the man so favoured, he laid his hand on the raiment of the physician, and raised it, as if sanctified by the contact, to his lips.

"A sojourner aforetime in thy happy Yemen," resumed Telephus, motioning to his impetuous guest to resume his seat, "I stood within the walls of the Caaba, then recently purified from its three hundred and sixty idols of abomination; and tasted of the waters of the sacred well."

"An infidel! and drink of the holy waters of Zem-Zem?"—interrupted Velid, breathless with wonder.

"Thy people had not yet bruised the head of the Christians," rejoined Telephus, "nor had we bruised their heel. Mahomet, the son of Abdallah, whom thou callest the apostle of God, accorded the name of prophet unto Christ Jesus, of the seed of Jesse; and revered the memory of Abraham, and the miracles of Moses. To his Christian subjects granted he protection for their persons, and toleration of their worship; and when, on my return from Samarcand and Bokhara with the caravan of the Sogdian mer-

chants,—a pilgrim in pursuit of knowledge,—it was noised in the city (where Mahomet, an aged man was wrestling with the infirmities of human nature), that a Rhodian student of the far-famed school of healing of Alexandria was arrived in the land, behold! I was summoned into his presence.”

“Thrice honoured and thrice blessed!”—ejaculated the young Saracen, inclining his head with pious deference towards his host.

“In the antidotes sought of me by the son of Abdallah,” resumed the physician, “(balsams and charms which he supposed me to have imported from the mystic banks of the Oxus,) small token could I discern of prophetic divination! Poisoned, as he believed, by the vengeance of a Jewess of Chafbar, his time-worn visage scarred by the javelins of the fight of Ohud,—his teeth broken by a stone,—his veins scorched with fever,—an infirm man was before me;—imploing against the approach of death, the aid of amulets and drugs, and the humble skill of a fellow-mortal!”

“Scornful is the word of thy lip, O Christian!” replied the indignant son of the Emir. “But by the self-same sons of Eblis who crucified thy Master on

Mount Calvary, was our Prophet slain by poison in the fulness of his years. By the will of Allah, a common fate awaited at the hands of the followers of Moses, the camel-driver of Mecca and the carpenter's son of Galilee, in whom His wisdom was made manifest. Wherefore so long as sun and moon endureth, shall the children of Israel eat the bread of bitterness under the scourge of the children of the Prophet."—

"Terrible already hath been their atonement!" was the solemn reply of Telephus; "and long shall their punishment endure in the general execration of mankind. Yet were the precepts of the blessed Jesus, adopted by those who profess and call themselves Christians, such bitter persecution must be abandoned. The dying Christ prayed for pardon upon the murderers, predestined, as foreshown by the prophets, to the task of his probation; nor was Pontius the governor less criminal in his feeble surrender of the authority of the law, than Caiphas, the high-priest, in its barbarous execution. Thy law-giver, O my son, enjoined from the shade of his palm-tree, as mine from the Mount of Olives, toleration of creeds and forgiveness of trespasses! The resurrec-

tion of the dead was no doctrine of their creation ; for, ages before the birth of Christ, had Plato and Socrates preached the immortality of the soul : and if Moses afforded to his followers no promise of a Canaan that was not of this world, the evocation of the souls of the dead by the Israelites, avoucheth their faith in spiritual existence after death. By the Egyptians, Herodotus asserts the pyramids to have been created, for the purpose of securing from corruption their myriads of dead, in conviction that they should rise again.—Holier, O holier is the tenet that signaliseth above all others the mission of Christ !”—

The son of Othman inclined his ear in deferential silence to the exposition of the preserver of his father ; for behold ! the benignant countenance of the physician was irradiated with the fulness of faith.

“ Virtue,” resumed Telephus, mildly, “ was taught by the stoics. Zeno, the apostle of duty and conscience, enjoined zeal for our friends and pardon for our foes. But he enjoined it for the self-contentment of our mind. He made not of Love itself,—even that Love which liveth in the joy of another,—a divine blessing. He forgave not the sins of those who ‘loved much,’—or the trespass of a brother,

even when seventy times seven-fold repeated ;—nor would he have wept in tenderness, like the founder of my faith, over Lazarus in his tomb !—Jesus of Nazareth, the first to declare that all men were brethren, in that, were that alone, deserved to be called the Son of God !”

While he yet spake, behold, a shadow darkened their presence ; and before the face of the aged host, with bended knees and glozing suavity of diction, came the emissaries of Ben-Shedad the Jew ; who had stood aside, abiding their time, to beseech pardon for their misdoing.

Startled by the sudden apparition of the Israelites at that juncture of discourse, the old man preserved a troubled silence.

“ Gifts of atonement have we brought unto the feet of my lord the physician, mighty in his cures as the prophet who dwelt in Samaria !” murmured Meshech, crouching towards Telephus, but addressing his deprecation to the ear of the Emir’s son ; “ even myrrh, aloes, and frankincense, for the glorification of the altar of thy God ; and rams’ skins dyed in scarlet, and badgers’ skins as by Moses commanded, for the footcloth of his tabernacle.”

"What need of atonement," replied the old man, in self-contained composure, "where no offence is, neither rancour?—Remove, I pray thee, thy gifts from my sight!—The God I serve delighteth in the incense of a lowly and contrite heart; and to glorify an altar for my prayers, behold the flowery footcleth spread around me, exceeding in fragrance all the spices of the East!"—

At that moment, the milk-white goat, which had drawn near by the side of Thoas the nurse, and which, like all living things at Larnaca, save the lovely Agathonia, was stricken in years, came and rested its venerable head in the lap of its master, as with customary and privileged endearment; fixing its eyes wistfully on his face, as though to demand the cause of this unwonted gathering of strangers.

"Let not my lord wax wroth with his servant!" faltered the Jew, while Telephus laid a caressing hand on the silken fleece of his favourite. "But behold! this raiment of needle-work,—wrought with six silken threads by the cunning skill of the daughters of Byzantium, after the art transported from Irák into the Empire,—do we lay at his feet."

"The flock of Telephus supplieth his humble

needs!" replied the old man, looking down with pride upon his woollen garment; "and greater value in his sight have the distaffs of his child and her handmaiden than all the broideries and weavings of the Imperial City."

"Away with thee!"—cried the son of the Emir, impatient of this prolonged interruption to his colloquy with the venerable Rhodian, and eager for further testimony from the lips of one exalted by personal communing with the apostle of God. "Away with thee, son of abomination! or, by the sword of the Prophet, the chastisement of yesternight shall be fourfold repeated!"

And at the word, trembling came upon the soul of the Jews; wherein it was borne with terror, that by the Prophet's sword were seven hundred of their people slain in cold blood at Chaibar!—Yet once and again resumed they the voice of their entreating.

"Behold!" said they, "we hide our heads from the displeasure of my lord, and depart from his presence. Yet peradventure the gracious daughter of the healer of men might be moved to cast an eye of favour on our timbrels of Damascus? Tabrets

also have we, wrought in the shittim wood of Hebron, precious to the hand and ear of maiden and minstrel."

"May no sweeter music ever reach mine ears than the voice of my Agathonia!" cried Telephus, with fervour. "Or lute or timbrel were put to shame by her notes, mellifluous as the nightingales of Megara!"

Again opened the artful Meshech his lips to speak; when lo! upstart in his ire the son of the Emir; and, in a voice as of a bursting storm, bad him depart with speed, nor again presume to shake the dust from his feet within the precincts of Larnaca.

As if smitten by a bolt from heaven, the sons of Abraham inclined their foreheads to the earth. Then, with trembling hands, laid they their burthen upon the camel; and, ere the angry glow had subsided from the brow of Velid, disappeared afar off among the thickets, and were no more seen in the valley.

"And wherefore I pray thee, O Thoas, cometh not the child of my soul to fulfil these rites of hospitality towards the stranger who hath broken bread within my gates?" demanded Telephus of the vener-

able nurse, who now presented to the son of the Emir an ewer of fragrant waters, diffusing the scent of orange blooms, and the beechen bowl and embroidered napkin still serving to close with ablution the feasts of the Levant.

A glance, half-terrified, half-contemptuous, towards the Saracen, implied the answer of the matron.

"Let my Agathonia learn that I wait her guidance to return into the house!" resumed Telephus, in grave displeasure. "The song of the grasshopper hath ceased, and a dew riseth from the grass. It is time for gray-beards to take shelter!"

"Time also for soldiers to repair to the camp!" said the son of Othman, hastily rising, in obedience to the hint; yet delaying his preparation for departure, in hope that the mission of Thoas to her charge might not be infructuous. While still hesitating to pronounce a farewell greeting, his aged host, (in frank beneficence of nature towards the son of him whose days he had made long in the land,) invited with cordial grace a renewal of his tardy visit. And behold, while the words fell from his lips, calm, as in filial submission, came forth Agathonia. But O fair as the lilies of Hermon,—O

graceful as the hind of Amana,—O stately as the Chaldean palm!—wherefore is thy brow so thoughtful and thy lip so stern, while obeying the mandate of him who is thy father and thy lord?

A moment before, and all the treasures of Damascus would Velid have offered up, to obtain a glimpse of that beauteous face. But now, as Agathonia turned upon him her cold unspeaking eyes, and poured upon his hands the scented waters, silently, repugnantly, as if in presence of some loathsome thing, his heart grew chill unto death; and his happy hopes expired, as when the blossoms fall fruitless from the almond-trees, cut off by an untimely frost.

And strong be the guard of the Holy Prophet over Velid the son of the Emir! For lo! with reckless frenzy urgeth he the fiery hoofs of his charger among the rocky fragments of the valley; as if to bewilder his careful thoughts by the speed of madness, on his homeward way to the city!

PART V.

MOURNFUL as a place of tombs are the streets of Rhodes, as, day by day, the camels of Ben-Shedad are seen labouring under their heavy burthens along the quay, transporting to his ships the gathered treasures of the arsenal. The common purposes of life seem at a stand. The Rhodians keep house, as though pestilence raged among the people. Saving in the market-place or before the judgment-seat of the tribunals, not a Greek is to be seen!—

Then whispered among themselves certain chief men of the city, saying, “Telephus, even Telephus, might have spared these ashes of humiliation unto Rhodes! Sacred in the ears of Othman is the voice of his preserver. Had he spoken the word, our city had not been despoiled.”

For when, on rumour of the bargain struck with Ben-Shedad, they waited on the old man with prayer and supplication, no hope of mediation was held out by the sage of Larnaca.

"Bid me not weary with importunity," said he, "the ears of him who is mighty to save, and ruthless to slay. Be my intervention reserved for seasons when human life, or human happiness, is at stake."

"And yet, O Telephus," pleaded his countrymen, "pride hast thou, even as ourselves, in these relics of a glorious day, when Greece was the birth-place of the arts, and Rhodes one of the boasts of Greece!" .

"To the strong arm of the Saracen, by right of conquest, hath the Lord our God decreed these things!"—was the devout reply of the physician. "Bend we to the will of the Lord our God!"

Still, unwearied in supplication, murmured one of the Rhodians in the ear of Telephus, the time-honoured name of "Chares!"

"Deemest thou," was his mild rejoinder, "that Chares himself, when devoting twelve years of his powerful skill to the creation of the Colossus, had refrained at the entreaty of the Cypriots from melting in his furnace the matchless armour of Poliorcetes, or of Alcimus the Epirot, masterworks of Zolius, and conquered by the valour of Rhodes?—I tell thee, nay!—The fortune of war enabled us to raise the

Colossus :— by the fortune of war is it wrested from our possession. May the Almighty disposer of all things preserve us from yet severer infliction at the hand of the Moslems !”

And it came to pass that, a witness of the sorrow of the land, sadness came upon the spirit of the son of Othman. Since his hour of hospitality at Larnaca, every Rhodian had assumed a new aspect in his sight. Lavish was his hand towards those of the island who, though poor and ready to perish, had not dared to implore alms of the son of the Emir ; and grieved was he at heart by the averted faces of the people, when the string of camels of Ben-Shedad stalked heavily laden along the quay.

At length, in the harshness of authority, issued forth the cruel edict of his father, to destroy the vineyards of Camisus, and break up and cast the winepresses into the fire. And the wrath of the young man waxed hot within him, and behold, he spake with his tongue :

“ Is it not enough, O my father,” said he, “ that the sons of the faithful refrain from temptation of the wine-cup ?—Must we also ravage and destroy ?—These Rhodians, who, forty years long, have been

cheered by the generous juice of the grape under the weariness and heat of the day, will droop and die, lacking their customary sustainment ! ”

For within himself pondered the son of the Emir that deeds and oppressions, such as this, had engendered the detestation wherewith the invaders of her country were regarded by the contumelious eyes of Agathonia.

He knew,—for from the Emir had his questioning extracted portions of the history of his Christian preserver,—that Iptha, the wife of Telephus, had expired at Alexandria in giving birth to a daughter, during the submission of Egypt by the victorious arms of Amrou. But of that daughter, save that Agathonia, her child, was the inmate of Telephus and the stay of his declining years, Othman was silent. And behold, a sore misgiving darkened the soul of Velid that the scorn evinced towards the sons of Islam by the Rhodian maiden, was in avengement of a wrong.

On quitting Larnaca, a vow had he vowed within himself, to return no more unto a spot where alone of all the earth contemptuous glances were fixed upon his face ; and where a chill, as from the snows

of Caucasus, emanated from the repellent dignity of the daughter of the valley. But as the days drew on, and every hour of every day brought back, like haunting phantomsto his mind, the grace and beauty of the young Rhodian, remembrance of her full-orbed eyes melted his resolution ; and once, in the depths of the night season, in an hour of frenzy,—an hour of despair,—sware he by the tomb of Mecca to make atonement for his broken vow, and not only return to Larnaca, but, regardless of the Emir's ensigns of protection, return thither arrayed in all the iron-hearted ferocity of a soldier of the Prophet !

But blessed be thine influence, O tranquil evening hour ! whereof the sacred memory, rising like dew within his stony breast, recalled to mind the hoary hairs of him with whom he had broken bread under the shadow of Philermus. And lo ! the flashing eyes of the young Saracen were veiled in tears.

The morning light was streaking the sky when his spirit softened thus strangely towards the preserver of his father ; and before the advesperation of day, as if obeying an ungovernable impulse, Velid drew breath and bridle-rein at the Northern issue of the valley.

"Welcome, right welcome, O son of Othman!" exclaimed the kindly old man, from his couch of woven canes, as his guest, having crossed the threshold of Telephus, found himself within a hall of lofty proportions, supported by columns carved in the solid rock; the walls being adorned with pilasters and emblematical devices, as though consecrated at some earlier epoch to the worship of a God.

"Behold!" cried his venerable host, in a tone of excitement, pointing earnestly to two noble statues of Parian marble placed between the granite columns, "behold, how the servants of Ben-Shedad, despising thy prohibition, returned hither with their camels in the stillness of morning, and, unperceived of any, deposited beside my household-hearth these trophies of ancient art. Yonder effigy of the goddess of Pudicity enfolded in her veil, from the chisel of Laches, graced of old the temple of Diana at Jalysus; while the glorious figure of Esculapius whereon thou art gazing, wrought by the great Lysippus, was for centuries the boast of the Areopagus of our city!"

"Let him who owes unto thee the life of a father,

be pardoned for having presumed to adorn thy dwelling with the objects thy soul loveth!"—answered Velid, in a tremulous voice, and with a downcast eye. "Easy was the task for the son of an Emir of the Khaliph, to rescue from mischance these images, otherwise incurring the defacement which hath degraded yonder headless trunk beside thy gates. Again, therefore, O saviour of Othman, I say unto thee pardon my presumption?"

"Thou hast seen me ill to be propitiated by gifts!" replied the physician, lapsing into a stern gravity. "Nor is it generous at thy hands to risk my condemnation as graceless towards the son of a benefactor. Yet thankfully, howbeit reluctantly, I acknowledge thy good intent. It is the custom of thy country to appear a gift in hand. It is the custom of mine to establish the altar of friendship on nobler foundations."

Disappointment swelled in the soul of Velid as he hearkened to these words of reproof. But the benevolent old man, discerning his mortification, inclined his face courteously towards his guest.

"The servants who fulfilled thy behest so zealously this morning," said he, more cheerfully,

having invited the young chief to his side, "had scarcely accomplished their errand unnoticed, but that it was a day of harvest at Larnaca! Ere sunrise, were we astir; I, and my man-servant, and my maid-servant, and the gentle child who is within my gates; culling the simples of my herbary, to garner for the necessities of the poor.—Unto the aged man who must needs stand propped on his staff to aid in the gathering of his herbs of grace, do the people resort from all quarters of the isle, when health or strength is at fault."

"Honour to the sage who shameth not to accredit the mysteries of his art, by devoting his hand to the drudgery of the bondsman!" cried the Saracen, galled in spirit at the idea of a household-task assigned to the share of the noble Agathonia.

"The Parthian kings devoted their leisure to forging and sharpening the heads of their arrows," replied Telephus, with a smile. "Œropus, king of Macedonia, amused himself with the invention of household lamps; Attalus, of Pergamus, whom his subjects called Philometer, with the culture of hemlock, hellebore, and other vegetable poisons, not for evil purpose, but the advancement of science.

What better use, I pray thee, hath an old man for his last few earthly moments on the verge of eternity, than the assuagement of the wants and sufferings of his fellow-creatures? Contemplation, that voluptuousness of the soul which is the original sin of a philosophic nature, demandeth, so to say, the expiation of good works. 'Do the duty that lies nearest to thee!' said one of the best inspired of mankind; and though to few is given to bud or engraft the branches of the tree of knowledge, to none is it denied to cherish the hyssop on the wall."

"To thy hand are familiar, both the greater and the lesser duty," ejaculated the young Saracen, "even as the will of Allah both sun and moon obey! The fame of thy skill, O Telephus, hath gone forth among men; and others of the faithful, besides Othman the Emir, owe life or limb to thy counsel. Yet aforetime, thy learned countrymen denied their aid to the princes of Asia, as enemies and barbarians!"

"It is indeed written," rejoined Telephus, "that the great Hippocrates, founder of our art, refrained on such pretence from the invitation of Artaxerxes, whose states were depopulated by a plague; and

that the Persian demanded in retribution his life from the citizens of Cos. For then had not the hard hearts of mankind melted at the divine precept of—‘Love thine enemies!—do good to them that persecute thee!’ and Virtue, passive among the heathen, is active in a Christian community.”

“Nevertheless,” remonstrated the son of Othman, “charity and hospitality prevail in our tents, as among the palaces or monasteries of the West! A fifth part of the substance of every Moslem having atonement on his conscience, belongeth to the poor,—of the virtuous man, every tenth; the self-same portion allotted by Zoroaster to the Magi, and by Moses to the priests of the temple, as by the Christian clergy enforced.”

“The ministrants of our altars abound not in worldly riches; yet to *them* are evermore addressed the supplications of their poorer brethren, who do lack and suffer hunger,” observed Telephus. “To their hands, therefore, as to faithful stewards, is entrusted the portion of the poor; even as the waters of the fountain are poured into the aqueduct to be distributed to the thirsting people of the city. The good Samaritan of Europe is the pastor of the flock of Christ.”

"Of Europe, let the words of my ignorance keep peace!" exclaimed the Saracen. "But out of my own knowledge and the knowledge of my fathers be it spoken, that when the armies of Khaled, called in our annals the Sword of God, laid waste the high places of Syria, among the temples of the Jews and monasteries of the Christian faith were frauds and abominations brought to light, exceeding in grossness the sacred mysteries of the gods of Greece."

"Where human nature is, there also is corruption!" was the meek reply of Telephus. "Yet surely, my son, thine eyes must have beheld, on the shores of the Levant, lazar-houses and leper-houses, where Christian priests administered to the plague-stricken and infected, faithfully and humbly, as Mary that is called Magdalen dried with her hair the feet of Christ?—On Carmel, where the days of the man of God were preserved by the pity of the fowls of the air,—on Carmel, whereof Pythagoras, the priest of nature, worshipped the echoes, and where the oracle of the altar predicted universal empire to Vespasian,—even on the site of that very Ecbatana where Cambyses, on his return from the devastation of Egypt and the overthrow of its gods, wounded

himself unto death,—did Benedictus, the monk of Sublaco, endow an everlasting house of prayer ; where pious men might devote their lives to the worship of the Most High, and the entertainment of their pilgrim brothers of the faith ;—an hospital to the sick,—a caravanserai to the wayfaring man !”—

“ Familiar to thy soul are the glories and governing of Syria, as those of thy country ; and the words of wisdom fall from thy lips like dates from the ripeness of the palm !”—exclaimed the Saracen in admiring surprise.

“ In my youth, O Velid, I was a wanderer in many lands !” rejoined Telephus. “ The eagle-pinioned ambition of knowledge is vigorous and untirable as the lion-footed ambition of conquest. Rest was there none for the sole of my foot or labour of my hand in sowing and reaping the harvest of science, so long as a treasure-vault remained under the sun, wherein to hoard the golden grain for the inheritance of posterity. But now, in what tree of knowledge shall the bird of wisdom build her nest ?—Behold ! the strongholds of learning are razed to the earth !—Ere Christ was, Athens became a Roman province ; and,

before Mahomet appeared, the Goths had ravaged in Rome the treasures plundered from Greece. On the degraded Capitol the scourge of God avenged the desecration of Academus."

"As well attempt to stay the mountain torrent by a barrier of sand," exclaimed the warrior with kindling eyes, "as expect a soldier like Alaric to weigh the myrtle crown of Art against his laurels!"—

"Still, for the solace of letters," resumed Telephus, regardless of interruption, "Alexandria remained; Alexandria,—where myrtles and laurels grow entwined; and where even the palms of faith flourished to complete the triumphal crown. And O would that mine eyes had wept themselves blind, ere they beheld the fatal blow struck against the civilisation of mankind, by the overthrow of its schools and destruction of its irreplaceable archives!"

Silent and confused sat the son of the Emir; for shame to the hosts of the Khaliph was in the words of Telephus.

"Myself, a student of the Alexandrian school," resumed the old man; "myself, an humble disciple of Philoponus the rhetorician, whose words found favour in the ears of the victorious Amron,—eager

was my trust that to his prayer would be conceded the conservation of those treasures of ancient learning. But lo ! like a simoom from the desert, came the decree of Omar : 'Take and destroy ! All knowledge not contained in the Koran, is valueless ; if contained elsewhere, superfluous.' And thenceforward, fed were the stoves of the thousand baths of the city with the labours of the Scribes of all nations and languages, as fabled monsters of antiquity nourished by the flesh of human life ! But that in that heavy hour the shadow of the angel of death darkened my threshold, scarcely had I forborne the danger of the judgment, in defence of that glorious collection which was as a pillar of fire to guide the bewildered children of the earth through the darkness of ages."

"Ye have Moses and the prophets, hear ye them !" cried the Saracen ; "and we, bismillah ! the ineffable revelations of the Koran !"

"Even the inspired writings of our faith have ye destroyed !" cried Telephus. "In the churches of Asia and churches of Greece, heard I, in my youth, the apostolic epistles recited from the scrolls whereunto those hands had set their seals, wherewith the

hand of Christ had been enclasped !—And behold ! all becomes tradition !—The sword of Islam is not fatal alone to the life of man ; but to the spirit which should prepare him for a life to come.”—

“Yet let the justice of thy lips,” pleaded the Saracen, “attribute to the Huns and the army of the Golden Spears, the devastation of Constantinople. When the standard of the Prophet shall float triumphantly on its walls, (as soon by the grace of Allah shall be accomplished) no trace remains for us to obliterate of the idolatry which is called Art, or the pedantry which is called Learning !—All that is profane or trivial hath been effaced !”

“With reverence did I peruse,” rejoined Telephus meekly, “the seven sacred poems inscribed on the walls of the Coaba, respected by the Prophet when he cast forth the idol of Hebal holding his seven arrows.—For Art, O my son, hath a holy and a hallowing influence ; neither strengthening nor weakening upon earth the foundation of the works of God ; but surrounding them, like the enlightenment of the orb of day, with an atmosphere of glory and peace !—Let the trumpets of the Khaliph rend the air with his triumphs, from the Tigris to the

Euphrates ; but leave us, O leave us, the stirring verse which Homer of Scio was pouring into the ears of Greece, when David sang in Israel ;—and the mellifluous hymns breathed in Teos by Anacreon, when the prophets of God prophesied in a more favoured land !”

“ Profane is every creed in the eyes of man, O Telephus, save that which he professeth,” said the Saracen, softened by the rebuke of his host. “ In the East, thou must have encountered strange worshippers, who comprehend under the name of infidel, both Christian and Moslem ?”

“ I have indeed beheld the altars of many gods !” murmured Telephus, with a sigh. “ In Prasiane, fast by the country of the Bactrians, mad is the strife between the Magians of Mithras and the Buddhists of Fo. In Egypt, contentions rage betwixt the disciples of Zoroaster and the Coptic devotees of Isis and Osiris, as beyond the Oxus, they have to war with the superstition of the Brachmans. Under many names, and according to varying influences of climate and temperament, hath it pleased the Creator of all things to be adored, from the time when diversity in forms of worship between the sons

of Adam, was the cause of spilling the first human blood shed upon the earth. But be this, O my son, a sign and token to thee,—that wherever the poor disciple of Christ before thee hath shaken the dust from his sandals,—whether on the barren mountain, or among the green pastures by the running stream, never was it his chance to meet a race of mortals so abandoned of divine mercy, as to be wanting in conviction of an all-wise and beneficent supreme being, to whom its actions were matter of responsibility.”

“God is good!” murmured the son of Othman. “It hath pleased him in his latter time to manifest himself to all nations and languages by the voice of our Holy Prophet!”

“Under the influence of vicissitudes of clime and custom, do creeds become distorted,” added Telephus, relapsing into reflection, “even as a staff seems bent or broken, when plunged into a denser element. As the Jews, during the Babylonish captivity, corrupted with superstitions the law of Moses, opposing in perpetual antagonism to the æon of the archangelic hierarchy the dæmon or Zatanai of the Chaldeans, and borrowing from the star-gazers of Babylon the consecration of the first day of the week

to the Sun, and the feast of the passover to the constellation Aries, then ascendant, under the name of the Paschal-lamb, so hath the primitive Christian church been polluted by image-worship and virgin-worship, through contagion of the idolatries of Greece and Rome. Even the Cross, a mere symbol of our faith, hath become an object of adoration by sanction of the pontiffs established under Phocas, on the banks of the Tiber."

"In the confusion of the ignorant between objects and their symbols, lies the origin of all idolatries," observed the Saracen. "When Zoroaster instructed his followers to turn their faces in prayer towards the sun, and when the apostle of God commanded the faithful to pray with theirs towards Mecca, it was to assign a *Kebba*, or distinct point for the controlment of the wandering human eye, (a pole-star to that pilot of the faculties!) such as was effected by the graven images of the heathen. Yet by the enemies of their faith, are the Moslems accused of worshipping the tomb of Mecca."

"Even as the latter Greeks conceived their ancient dead to have been transformed by the gods into trees and rivers, birds or flowers; because

these things were named after certain of their forefathers, that, through the monumental immutability of nature, they might be had in remembrance in the land.—To the ancient Rhodians the laurel served to commemorate a nymph beloved by Apollo;—even as to the Christians a fair blue flower enamelling the plains of Jordan, recalleth that pious maiden of Bethany, Veronica; who, when Jesus bore his Cross to Calvary, defying the wrath of his persecutors, with the hand of mercy wiped the dew of agony from his face!

“Welcome to mine eyes will be that flower,” murmured Velid, in a low voice, “when I return to the fertile fields of Damascus.”

“What was thy recent choice of gifts,” continued Telephus, unheeding, “but a symbolical demonstration of sympathy in the feelings they purported to conciliate?—the god of Healing, as patron of my calling! the goddess of Purity, as a fitting emblem of my child!—Yet unto *us* owest thou no worship.”—

Irrepressible was the cry of dissent that burst from the lips of Velid.

“In yonder casket,” continued his host, “framed of the precious citron wood of Egypt for which

the Roman wantons used to tell down its weight in gold, (a gift aforetime from the Patriarch of Alexandria,) lies enshrined, among many priceless scriptures, a treatise in thy mother-tongue, on the emblematical hieroglyphics of the Cophits; which, better than my feeble words, interpreteth the thought within me."

Obedient to the gesture of Telephus, turned the eyes of his guest towards an arched sanctuary in the wall; wherein stood a casket, curiously wrought, and fastened by a chain and padlock of the steel of Damascus.

"Silver and gold have I none," said the old man, with a smile; "but behold the treasure of my house! Behold the fruit of my toils and travels,—the scribe-recorded memorabilia of the earth in the Greek and Latin tongues,—Sclavonic, Cophtic, Arabic, Sanscrit, Persian. In the day of my tribulation, when my ancestral dwelling at Rhodes was laid waste by the Moslem besiegers, all I prayed of the Emir whom it was my chance to serve, was restoration of this collection, worthless in the eyes of the sons of Islam; and a safeguard from molestation in the wilds of Larnaca, a shred of the inheritance of my fathers."

"A guerdon far beneath thine asking!" ejaculated the young man. "Yet surely these halls are excavations of the olden time?"—

"More ancient than the most ancient records of our isle!" cried the physician; "more ancient than the foundation of our cities by Jalysus, the son of Apollo!—In my youth, they yielded a hermitage to my summer leisure;—to my old age, afford they a happy household home. The love of my fellow-citizens and gratitude of my disciples, supply the corn, wine, and oil denied by the barrenness of Larnaca. The fruits of the field are the gift of God; and for the raiment of my limbs, thank I that lovely one who, on learning the ruin of Rhodes and the desolation of her grandsire, abandoned the stately home of her father, on the shores of the Propontine; and became a sojourner with me in the wild, beside her mother's grave—for after *Δαρυαῖ*, or the place of a tomb, hath the valley its name!—Such is the secret of our fortunes; whereon I dwell but to lend force to my attestation, that for all the treasures of Mohavyah, —all the golden plunder of the palaces of Ctesiphon, would I not exchange the contents of yonder casket!"

"The sunshine of heaven is upon thy head,—the sunshine of a guiltless heart within thy breast :— what have such as thou to gain from the lucre of this world?"—exclaimed the son of the desert. "And yet, I pray thee, O venerated host,—thou who knowest the virtues of the herbs of the field and the movements of the stars in their spheres, and, more than all, who hast greatness of soul to gaze fixedly on the valley of the shadow of death and forbearingly on the frailty of thy fellow-mortals, answer me and say, what wisdom to be compassed by the mind of man, or perpetuated by his hand, hath power of enlightenment for those whom the lessons of the Koran fail to enlighten?"—

"So say the Jews of their Talmud, and the eastern idolaters of their Zenda-Vest!" said the old man, with an indulgent smile.

"But behold, the code of *our* Prophet is the revealed word of Allah!" cried Velid, with enthusiasm. "Other creeds have been vicariously interpreted; that of Jehovah, by Moses,—that of Jupiter, by Homer,—that of Christ, by his apostles, in many forms and scriptures. But as there is but one Allah, of whom Mahomet is the Prophet, there is but one

Koran, whereof Mahomet is the source ;—for the Satrap in his palace, as for the Arab in his tent, the one and indivisible law, of a God one and indivisible !”

“The law that enforceth prayer, abstinence, lustration and almsgiving, as the means of grace, should exact respect from all the sons of men,” observed the Greek ; “ nay ! the one enactment of thy Prophet that, in leading into captivity, the child be not parted from the mother, is a step achieved towards the tender mercies of Christianity. * Nevertheless, O Velid ! be not deceived !—I who beheld the gray head of thy Prophet laid in the grave, swear to thee by mine own, that, when Mahomet gave up the ghost, his law was yet but as the breath of man ; nor, for twice twelve months after his death, were the scattered palm-leaves whereon his precepts had been inscribed by his disciples, collected by the pious care of Abubeker.”

With a cry of impatience, the son of Othman started from his seat. But ere his rejoinder could find breath, the accents of a voice sweet as the gales of Zimboli or honey of Philermus, breathed through the lattice.

"Behold! my Agathonia proceedeth to accomplish her daily rites of piety in the cypress grove, beside the sepulchre of her mother!" faltered Telephus, joining his withered palms upon his breast, in an attitude of devotion.

But Velid hearkened not to his words.

The ears of the Saracen were filled with the plaintive stanzas of the hymn chanted by Agathonia.

Dirge.

Bring tribute to the dead!

No tears!— In life they had enough of weeping!—
O'er the lone couch of rest where they are sleeping
Be not a tear-drop shed!

Bring tribute unto death!—

No cypress wreath!—Our days are dark with sorrow,
To life's long storm succeeds a tranquil morrow—
Claimeth a brighter wreath!

Bring tribute to the tomb!—

Roses, where summer's breath its sweetness hiveth,
Roses, whose fragrance, like the soul, surviveth
Earth's evanescent bloom!

Bring tribute to the blest!—

Hopes that, in joy's ethereal realm united,
The hearts that shared their grief when sorrow-blighted,
May share their endless rest!

Bring tribute to the Lord!—
The incense from a contrite heart arising
In thankful prayers, devoutly solemnizing
His holy name and word!

Bring tribute to the dead!—
For they are now his own, our God most holy!
His smile, eternity's bright day-spring, slowly
Beams o'er yon lowly bed!

PART VI.

A SOUND as of triumph and rejoicing is in the air, as the foot of Velid re-approacheth the ancient palace of the archons, the abode of his father ; from whose terraced roof resound the shrill trumpets of the Ascalonian guard, proclaiming that the rulers of the city and captains of the camp feast with the Emir of the Khaliph.—And lo ! a great multitude is gathered round the gate, to receive, after the Syrian custom, the fragments of the feast.

For behold, glad tidings of great joy have come unto Rhodes ! At noon, dropped anchor in the port a Tyrian war-galley ; bringing heralds with edict of proclamation to all the ports of the Levant, that unto Yezid his son, and Sophian the strength of his right hand, hath Mohavyah appointed the leading of his hosts, to set sail in ripeness of time for the Hellespont ; that, by the grace of Allah and to the glory of the Prophet, they may humble to the dust the city of the Golden Horn.

Therefore, O therefore, is gladness in the souls of the warriors of the Khaliph. In the sanguine ardour of the hour, revolve they the triumphs enjoyed by the imperial grandsire of him who sitteth upon the throne of christian empire ; even that Heraclius whose march over the necks of conquered nations was in a golden car drawn by four elephants, the abject hands of the vanquished spreading olive branches under their tread.—Burning to trample in their turn upon the inheritor of these pomps of empire, behold ! some clap their hands for glee, and some snatch down their arms from the wall, to see that the edge of their weapons be not rusted by the inglorious dews of peace.

Exulting and full of hope, hath Othman gathered together under his roof, the captains of the camp and fleet to celebrate with princely hospitality the coming of the mandate of Mohavyah ; and call down a blessing on the enterprize about to extend in the sight of nations the dominion of the apostle of God !

“ Glory to the name of Allah, who inspired this mighty project to our lord the Khaliph ! ” cried the joyous Sidi Hémet, as, amid the braying of the trumpets, the guests of the Emir sat at meat, around a

board spread with the vessels of sculptured gold won from Persia by the armies of Omar, and shared by that generous Khaliph among his brothers in arms. "Behold what forms of light beckon us to the European shore!—On one hand, the blue-eyed maids of Scythia, with tresses like the golden silk that feedeth our looms of Damascus;—on the other, the dark-eyed maids of paradise, waving their kerchiefs of green! For those who fall in arms against the Christians, the eternal joys of the blessed; for those who live to plant the crescent on the topmost tower of St. Sophia, a triumph such as none save a follower of the Prophet can enjoy in this lower world!"

"Allahillah Allah!—God is great!"—burst from the lips of the excited Moslems, as each indulged apart in some wild surmise of the unknown pleasures of the West; the glorious constellations of a new aspect of the heavens,—the verdant forests, green pastures, and running streams of a country unscorched by the sun, the refinements of the arts of peace,—the excitements of a world unknown. Wondrous were the tales imported to the Syrian shore by strange navigators from the newly-arising city of the Adriatic, touching the marvels of Christian

Rome ; and to wild imaginations, the rival cities of the Roman Empire were as contiguous suburbs.

And lo ! as they caroused with cheer of heart and joyous anticipations, sparkled in every hand the bright sherbet, exhaling a fragrance as of Rhodian roses, and a coolness as of the snows of Athos ! Around the table trickled scented waters from those subtle fountains of silver and gold, devised for refreshment by the Persian satraps ; while on the board were heaped the melting grapes and luscious figs of the island ;—apricots of Cyprus, sweet as the honey-dew of Paradise ;—citrons of wondrous growth and flavour from the Egyptian shore ;—kernels from the almond groves of Damascus ;—dates from the Judean palm, and Oriental fruits of every form, dried with consummate skill into the pellucid lustre of the topazes gleaming in the queenly crown of Palmyra. For already had contagion from their Persian conquests enervated the rude and simple tastes of the sons of the Desert.

Amid the shouts and laughter of the exulting chiefs, came Velid, the son of the Emir in unto them, and sat down in the lowest place. And behold, his

brow was not as the brows of those who had joy in the favour and prosperity of the Khaliph.

“ Whence cometh, O my son, thy tardy step ?” cried the princely giver of the feast ; whose heart, even before the face of strangers, yearned towards the issue of his loins, through whom his name was to be had in remembrance in the land.

But the young soldier held his peace. For on his lips, as on the lips of all his tribe, abided the sanctity of truth ; and he scorned to say, “ I come from the camp ;” and trembled to say, “ I come from the valley ;” lest, peradventure, the wrath of his father should be kindled against Telephus, his preserver.

And lo ! to gratify his reckless mirth with the confusion of countenance of Velid, out spake the captain of the galleys, whose blood was heated by the feast ; saying, in a mocking voice,—“ By the sacred camel of the Prophet ! he cometh from the feet of the maiden of Larnaca ; for his flesh is wasted from his bones with pining after her beauty. Behold, O Emir, in the gloom of his clouded brow, a morose reflection of the graceless sullenness of the Rhodians !”

And while a merry shout from his companions in arms saluted the sally of Sidi Hémet, glared like the rage of a lion of Ethiopia the eyes of Velid; and, half rising from his place, he thrust his hand into his girdle to seek the jewelled hilt of his yataghan. But that the offender was the guest of his father, sharing his bread and salt, blood would have flowed from the smiting of that reckless word as water from the rock of Horeb! And Othman, howbeit he preserved a steadfast countenance, as becomes an interpreter of the will of kings, kept watch over the movements of his son as over his own passions; and pondering the intemperate resentment betrayed by Velid, resolved to set spies about the path of his son.

For behold, while the expedition projected against Constantinople was as a trumpet-call to the valour of the camp, the youngest and bravest of the captains of the Khaliph remained unmoved! Neither the humiliation of the christian church, nor the spoil of the imperial city, nor even the duty enforced by the Koran upon the faithful, of carrying conversion at the point of the sword even to the ends of the earth, could rouse him from his apathy. So

that the vigilance of a father's love whispered unto the Emir,—“O wherefore is the soul of Velid thy son—thus dim, like a mirror whereon strange lips have breathed, to obscure its brightness?”

Blind, however, remained the eye of the young chief to the alarmed watchfulness of his father ! Absorbed by discipline of the camp as Othman by dictatorship of the city, he saw no further of what was passing in the mind having controlment over his destinies, than the vain man seeth in his security, or the mole in its furrow.

And not the less, therefore, in his tent amid the watches of the night, when nought was waking but the stars of heaven, stole like a haunting strain of music into his memory the accents of the voice he loved ; and fondly did his inward eye retrace the solemn graces of the enveiled maiden, bearing flowers to the place of tombs, to adorn the grave of her mother !—Even to bursting swelled the heart within him, as he meditated on her beauty,—her gentleness,—her filial piety, and the impassable abyss that yawned betwixt her and his vain affections. And how, with such a spell upon his soul, was he to rejoice in the prospect of working further woe to Greece, and new humiliation to the cross of Christ ?—

On the fourth day of these struggles, unable longer to abide the want of the cheering sunshine effused by the presence of Agathonia, with sudden defiance flung he his careful thoughts and prudent resolutions to the winds; and, with the speed of frenzy, gat him once more unto the valley.

And O so often had he dwelt on the features of that auspicious way, that every tree and rock was familiar to him as the face of a friend; and blindfold could he have cried aloud as he dashed along,—“Lo! here the city suburbs, with the dark masses of their fig-trees!—Yonder, on the dim slopes, the cheerless foliage of the olive!—Now flags the fainting air under the fragrance of the orange groves at the foot of Zimboli!—Hail, clustering hyacinths, commemorating in Apolló’s island the youth bewailed by his love!—Welcome, spray of the torrent bursting from the mountain pass!—And thrice welcome, rustling plane-trees, whose shade is as the threshold of Larnaca!”—

Imposing, as features of the venerable face of the island, were the broad shadows of those ancient trees—a nobler growth than the waving acacias and shrubby evergreens skirting the city. But as he drew

near, in place of the usual stillness of atmosphere sanctifying that profound solitude, the air seemed stirred by vibration! Though no living thing was visible, save the white goat sleeping in the sunshine beside the door, he was conscious of approaching a spot where the pulses of life were thrilling in the breasts of many. Crushed was the grass, as by the hurrying of feet, towards the favourite plane-tree named by Telephus the Tree of Refuge.—Another turn of the path, and he commanded a view of the spot.—

Holy Prophet! what means the strange multitude gathered beneath its branches?—By their dress they should be Rhodians; by their attitude, engaged in prayer!—In the midst of them sits the veteran of Larnaca, with an open volume on his knee; while beside him hovereth Agathonia like an angel of light dictating the words of an Evangelist.

Unveiled,—unguarded,—inspiration on her uplifted brow and in her smile that peace of God which passeth human understanding,—the son of Othman beheld in her radiant beauty the embodied spirit of the Christian faith.—For behold! he had intruded upon the worship of the persecuted remnant of the

people of the island, driven by the Syrian invaders from their desecrated houses of prayer.—

As he drew near, Telephus was in the act of closing the sacred volume. But a moment afterwards the Christians having risen from their knees preparing for departure, at a signal from Agathonia burst forth a choral hymn, wherein the melodious voice of the maiden of Larnaca was distinguishable among the rest, as the song of the nightingale amid the mingled warblings of the wood.

Thus ran the sacred song of the servants of God :

H Y M N.

Lord of all Mercy !—Lord in whom we trust !

Be not our intercessions pour'd in vain !

O raise thy trembling children from the dust !

O with thy strength their sinking souls sustain !

Lord of all Wisdom !—Thou behold'st our need,

Thou see'st us captive by the foeman led !

By the right arm of thy protection freed,

Take—take these ashes from our humbled head !

Lord of all Goodness !—If our troubled voice

Blend with thy praise the murmur of distress ;

O be it thine to bid our hearts rejoice,

And give us peace, thy holy name to bless.

Lord of all glory !—May our prayers ascend,
Like circling incense, to thy starry throne ;
While to thy dread decree thy servants bend,
And breathe in patient trust—"Thy will be done."

Entranced stood the Saracen to listen : and while the faint echoes of the hymn exhaled like dews of morning in the air, the throng, dispersing on every side around him, gave him to look for the first time on Rhodian faces uplifted in thankfulness and joy. Some took their way to the city, some to the plain, some towards the hamlets of Philermus ; marvelling as they passed him by what evil purpose, defying the protection of the Emir, had brought one of the warriors of the Khaliph into the heart of their city of refuge.

Confused yet joyful, hurried Velid towards the plane tree, to aid in supporting towards his threshold the venerable man.—But exhausted and unwilling to quit the spot, sat Telephus ;—while Agathonia reclined on the grass at his feet, with her face upturned towards his own, and her arms fondly embracing his knee. No longer the inspired minstrel,—the radiant Christian,—she was once more the mild submissive child, whose law was written in the looks whereon she gazed so tenderly !

And behold ! a white hair, wafted by the breeze from the hoary head of the old man, glistened like a thread of silver on the raven tresses of her duteous head. And to the eye of Velid, the glory of an Assyrian diadem was in that one white hair !

Words of greeting courteously exchanged among them, his heart leapt within him to perceive that, for the first time, the maiden fled not before his face. For as a kindly token accepted he this tarrying in presence of a stranger :—witless to perceive that, touched to the quick by the solemn truths she had been hearing, the maiden had no further heed of the things of this world !—As the white blossoms of the lily expand in an element more ethereal than the gloomy earth wherein the bulb is enrooted, soared the soul of the young Christian into the heaven of heavens and eternal sunshine of God, till the clouded earth was forgotten !

“Thou hast witnessed, O my son, the religious rites of a people whom the strong arm of thine own hath driven from the foot of their altars !” said Telephus, in a solemn voice. “As the faithful guest of our hearth, be the seal of silence on thy lips !”

And Velid answered and said,—“By the waters of

the well of life ! the seal of silence shall be on my lips !"—

"And wherefore deignedst thou not draw nigh and hearken !" demanded the old man, more gently. "Howbeit the mosques of thy prophet deny access to the foot of the unbeliever, our holy mother church extendeth her arms of mercy to welcome every new comer."

"By the wisdom of the lips of Telephus, hath my soul been already enlightened !" replied the son of Othman, evasively.

"As the babbling of a brook in the sunshine, is the best wisdom of my lips," exclaimed his host, "compared with the least word which they recite in the ears of the people ! For not of my own spirit is my teaching prompted.—I preach not even the words of Paul, but Jesus :—all that he spake for our instruction, and all that he suffered.—Of my own convictions, breathe I never a word. For behold ! I am their unworthy pastor but, as thy prophet appointed that lustrations of sand should fulfil the law of the faithful in a barren and dry land where no water is, but where the spirit of pestilence is watchful to smite the unclean."

"Allah send no worse alternative to Moslem or Christian!" was the respectful rejoinder of the guest.

"Not so!" mildly interrupted Telephus. "For behold, my creed is tainted with heresy, and I myself am sometimes tempted to exclaim in the words of St. Jerome in his paroxysm at Jerusalem,— 'Peace, fool! thou art but a Ciceronian!'—According to the Synods and Councils of the patriarchs, O Velid, my faith is naught; and at Antioch, they would give my body to be burned, as an innovator on the law."

And as the old man spake, the fair head of Agathonia drooped upon her bosom, as though his words pierced her with a spear.

"I believe," resumed Telephus, in a firm voice, "as Christ himself believed,—in the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and obey his law, *not* as interpreted by Moses and the prophets, but by one who was greater than them all;—in whose words call I upon the creator of all things, saying, 'Our Father which art in heaven!'—striving so to order my life as to become, as Jesus commanded, 'perfect, even as our Father which is in heaven is perfect.'

—A wider credence abideth not in my nature. 'Every climate bringeth not forth every fruit,' said Solon; 'take heed therefore that ye cultivate such fruits as your climate bringeth forth.' And to the children, as to the countries of the earth, doth the Almighty limit his gifts;—apportioning to one, Faith;—to another, Reason.—By the phrase of 'and God said, let there be light, and there was light!' are we convinced by eloquence, as by subtle argument at the hand of Aristotle."

"The sublimity of the prophet was from above," murmured Agathonia; "the wisdom of the philosopher, from the teaching of this world." But her tremulous accents reached not the ear of her grand-sire.

"When thy second Khaliph, O Velid," resumed the old man, "dispersed the conquered treasures of Chosroës, store fell into the hands of thy people of an Indian gum, wherewith, mistaking it for salt, they made bitter their bread; being the camphor destined to illuminate the courts of Kings. For howbeit of like semblance to the eye, the one burneth with a lambent flame and grateful fragrance; while the other savoureth the food of man, preserv-

ing it from corruption.—So is it betwixt Faith and Reason.”—

And as he spake, Agathonia shuddered. For schooled among the teachers of Byzantium to the orthodoxy of her father's church, in the boldness of these tenets discerned she peril of salvation.

“In my youth,” resumed Telephus, encouraged by the deference of his guest, “trod I with bleeding feet among the thorns and brambles of controversy ; and but that the cross supplied a staff to my feebleness, might have fallen by the way. Amid the contentions of the Alexandrian scribes, followed I, step by step, the wanderings of the earlier fathers of the church ; the schisms of the Nestorians, the Gnostics, the Docetes whose doctrines were propagated by the Maronites and the mad disciples of Manes. I interrogated the mystic lessons of Cerinthus, who maintained the twofold nature of Christ ; and of the Monophysites, by whom it was denied. And behold, these prescriptive devisings of the presumptuous ignorance of man,—who, like the Titans of old, would scale by human appliances into the highest heaven,—filled my soul with doubting and despair ! The ferocious persecutions of the Eastern

patriarchs weakened my faith in the great truths of a religion to whose precepts the practice of its teachers was opposed. A head of the church such as Cyril of Alexandria, stained alike with the canonization of the murderer Ammonius, and the martyrdom of Hypatia, the daughter of Theon, (that wise and gentle virgin from whose bones he caused the flesh to be scraped with oyster shells, as a teacher of the Platonic doctrine,) inspireth the Christian heart with horror of the bitternesses of controversy. But lo ! in my bewilderment of mind, God turned my trust unto the gospel ! bidding me seize on the words of Christ as an anchor among those warring waves ;—believing as he believed, not as those who profess to believe in him ;—holding in either hand his two great commandments, and in my heart the sense of its incompetency to wrestle with the mysteries of the Most High !—Thus, even thus, have I walked humbly through life ; leaving it to the councils of the church to regulate the faith of Christendom !”

“Abandoning thy people unto guidance thou hast thyself forsworn ?”—cried the Saracen, with indignation.

“I leave them peace, wherein my best endeavour

would create strife!"—replied the physician. "In the hands of their leaders is temporal, if not spiritual grace. When Xenophon sought instruction of Socrates whether to follow the expedition of Cyrus into Persia, or whether to forbear—'Consult the oracle!' replied the sage. For though sceptical of its divine origin, he knew that it served to manifest the policy of the priests; in whose voice lay the wisdom of kings and governing of nations. If not eternal life, yet life and death were in its keeping."

"Yet as regardeth the enfranchisement of the people," said Velid —

"As regardeth the enfranchisement of the people," interrupted Telephus, devoutly raising his eyes to heaven; "I wait in humble trust beside the waters of strife, till it shall please the Lord in his own great day to open a path through the waves, as for the children of Israel that they might escape out of the land of bondage!"

"Thou hast said it!" cried the Saracen, with enthusiasm. "For behold by the hand of our prophet sendeth he even now a mighty fleet, whereby to traverse in safety that troubled ocean."

"As well embark upon the crazy rafts of Manes

or Zadok!"—cried Telephus. "Before we tempt the waters, O my son, we see that our ship be strong, and our helmsman good. And lo, the pilot of my faith is without speck or blemish,—wise, virtuous, patient, just, humble, merciful, frugal, abstinent;—as great, if of mere mortal nature, by his virtues, as by his birth-right, if the Son of God!—His pagan judges could find no fault in him; nor the heathen witnessing of Tacitus or Suetonius impute a crime.—Of the blamelessness of his life, testified Pliny unto Trajan; and for his virtue's sake proposed the emperor Adrian his apotheosis as a god of the Capitol."

"So testified also of him our Holy Prophet," hastily interrupted Velid, as if to silence comparison between this spotless one and the blood-guilty polygamist of Medina. Nor noted he, while listening to the aged man, that silent tears were rolling down the pale cheeks of Agathonia.

"The flock whereof the evil of the time hath made me pastor," resumed Telephus, "beareth the mark of Rome; that city of the seven hills, which, after giving law to the earth, would arrogate to itself the government of heaven. In signs and wonders is the trust of its church; and as the Persians, the

standard of whose armies is the humble garment of the founder of their empire, disguise its texture under an embossment of gold and gems,—with the sound of sackbut, lute, harp, psaltery and all kinds of music, proclaim they the holy words of Him who, great in his simplicity, walked in the fields with his disciples plucking the ears of corn ! From the superstitions of Egypt, cometh their mystery of a miraculous incarnation :—from the vain-glory of the Jews, the worship of a Messiah seated at the right hand of God !”—

“The worship, but not the faith !” pleaded Agathonia with faltering voice and downcast eyes. “The Redeemer in whose atonement we put our trust is the Man of Sorrows, acquainted with grief !”

“The Almighty who grounded in our hearts the eternal well-springs of pity and terror,” rejoined the aged man, “and who straiteneth the path of salvation betwixt hope and fear, in the ruder ages of the earth wrought fulfilment of the law through the lightnings of Mount Sinai, and the miracles of Moses.—But his latter mission exerciseth the gentler passion ;—inclining our hearts in tender pity towards one on whose head they placed a crown of thorns,

and whose side they pierced with a spear.—The children of Israel trembled and believed :—the children of Christ weep and are comforted !” —

At these consoling words, Agathonia took the withered hand he had placed in benediction on her head, and pressed it to her lips with fervour.

“ Yet defying, in their blindness, this common instinct of human nature,” resumed the reverend man, “ the heathen by perseverance in persecution raise up converts to our faith !—They perceive not in every fresh martyrdom, a graft upon the tree of the Cross, sending forth new branches ! As a sandal-tree when cut down imparteth precious odours to the axe, so is it with the slaughter of the just. Therefore I say unto thee, O Velid, that the braying of the trumpets and charging of the spearmen of those who placed scaling-ladders to the towers of Babylon and Sufelata and the brazen-walled cities of Africa, shall not alway prevail. For behold ! where Moslemism layeth waste with the sword, Christianity restoreth with the crosier ; and the civilisation thy destructive race hath slain, shall rise again and testify against it !—In Gaul, now humbled by the Frank kings with popular servitude, shineth the

Cross like the pillar of fire amid the darkness of the land of Egypt! Even those remote islands of the West which Augustus judged unworthy conquest, but to whose Saxon rulers Augustine and his brethren have charitably unfolded the mysteries of salvation, have flung aside their skins of beasts, subdued from savageness by the humanizing law of Christ! And who knows but that to these obscure Angles, humble as the pastoral people of Amenophis, may not be vouchsafed hereafter that glorious ascendancy, whereof ye have despoiled the fallen island of the Sun?—For Time governeth two dials:—one, such as Papirius the Consul set up on the Quirinal when the Rhodians erected the Colossus,—to tell the time from hour to hour;—and one, set up by God himself in the greatness of the universe, to tell the years, from age to age, for the instruction of the inheritors of eternity!”

“Thou speakest as though the javelins of the desert alone were dyed with the blood of man!” cried Velid. “Yet reeking with Christian blood be the annals of Alexandria and Byzantium, out poured by the hands of Christians!”—

“Ambitious priests, who would convert the sanctuary of the Almighty into a temple of Mammon,

and the crown of thorns into a tiara of temporal glory, have indeed unsheathed the sword!" replied Telephus. "Soothing the ear of Christendom by their melodious chants, and, like the Pharisees rebuked of Christ 'for a pretence making long prayers,' they violate in the impunity of power the law forbidding vindictive man to uplift his hand against his fellow-man!—For 'vengeance is mine, I will repay,' saith the Lord; and fourfold will that jealous God avenge on the head of these mitred ones, the evil of their example and their deed."

"Yet bethink thee, O my father," murmured Agathonia, "that, but for the strong arm of such shepherds, in time of trouble the flock of Christ had fallen a prey to the spoiler; nor, but for the strong voice of their teaching, had the ears of our ignorance been opened!"

"Torch needeth there none to discover the light of day!" expostulated Telephus. "We have the word of God!—Let us cleave to it, and live!"—

"But since on the eyes of many lie scales of darkness, as on the sight of Tobias?"—pleaded the maiden. Then suddenly seizing with an impassioned grasp the withered hand of the aged man, she exclaimed in

broken accents : " My father, O, my father, destroy not in thy rashness the smallest prop of the walls of the temple, lest peradventure the whole structure should fall ! Thy serenity of soul conceives not the value of an anchor to the wretch who may be tempest-tost ! For it is not till the waves roar mightily around us escapes the cry of agony—' Lord ! save us, we perish !'—O father of my life and love !" she continued, pressing his hand fervently to her lips, " when winter hath stripped the trees and all is bare, we see that the myrtle is evergreen, and prize its verdure !—The wisdom of knowledge is as the Roman dial whereof thou spakest, which, while the sun is bright, sufficeth for instruction, and when the skies are troubled, hath nothing to impart. But the wisdom of faith is as the eternal orb of day, whereof its transient teaching was derived ; whose brightness outliveth the passing cloud, and shineth for ever and ever !"

Then, with shame and trembling in her soul that she had presumed to uplift her voice in presence of a stranger, and rebuke of him who was as a providence in her sight, she rose, and bowing down her forehead

kissed his feet ; and straightway, to conceal her tears, went her way into the house, grieving!

And those who had heard the words of Agathonia, gazed after her parting footsteps, silent from emotion.—For behold! the hearts of both ached with unutterable tenderness!—

PART VII.

“BLESSED be thy simple piety, child of my child!” ejaculated the old man at length, in a tremulous voice, when they lost sight of her white raiment. “But for thy filial devotion to my old age, safe were thy place among the honoured daughters of Byzantium, rather than beside the desolate hearthstone of a captive land!”

“The doom decreed by our lord the Khaliph against the seat of empire, hath not then as yet troubled the peace of thy valley?”—faltered the Saracen, with averted eyes, and invited by a gesture of his host, a few earnest words revealed the terrible tidings of Mohavyah’s proclamation!

Pale grew the face of him who listened. For in the city thus fiercely menaced, was appointed the future home of Agathonia. Leontius, her father, who had been at once præfect of Rhodes and the happy husband of Alexia the daughter of Telephus,

was now high in the councils of Constantine, and wedded with a princess of his house ; reluctantly sparing his daughter to minister to the afflicted age of her grandsire.

“That Allah would endow my lips with words to comfort thee!” exclaimed the Saracen, as the old man wrung his hands in anguish of spirit. “But my heart is chilled to the core by the prospect of this onslaught. I dread,—I dread,—the stain of kindred blood upon my sword !—For know, O Telephus, that, born on the Egyptian shore, my mother was of Christian lineage !”

“Thou knowest then the cruel secret to which, in deference to thy father, I forbore allusion?” cried the venerable Rhodian.

“What instinct, save the blood of thy people warm in my veins, hath allured my steps to Larnaca?” rejoined the son of Othman : “or how, but for the early instruction of my mother, had it been given to a follower of the Prophet to commune with thee in knowledge of the Western World ?”—

“And yet,” remonstrated his host, “thou didst abstain from sharing the pious rites of Agathonia, on the grave of her who was so near unto thee !”

"How meanest thou?" cried the young Saracen, in deep amazement. "The grave of Ervé, my mother, is on the fair hill-side of Damascus. The tardy fruit of her espousals, ere I quitted my father's roof while yet a stripling to share the martial exercises of the Khaliph's son, we laid her head in the tomb!"—

"Else had she confided to thy maturity," resumed the physician, "how, while her native city of Alexandria quailed under the triumphs of Amrou, deserting for the arms of an infidel,—even the arms of Othman, thy father, by whose beauty and valour her young eyes were dazzled,—the sister who had been a mother to her childhood, she struck death to the heart of my wife!"—

"Inscrutable, O Allah, be thy decrees, and thy ways past finding out!"—ejaculated Velid, in wonder-struck emotion.

"Driven from the home thy mother had made desolate, and the school of learning thy father had destroyed," continued the physician, in a sorrowful voice, "I returned unto my native country; and thither, even thither, was pursued by the sons of wrath! In process of years, Rhodes, like Alexan-

dria, succumbed to the Pagan sword ; and again, the author of my desolation was Othman the Emir !— Brought captive into the presence of the wounded conqueror, the life of either was subject to the other's mercy.—The rest thou knowest.—Mutual concession begat mutual forbearance. While binding up his wounds, I learned that the promising son of his widowhood was comrade with princes ; and instructed him that the head of her he had made motherless, lay low in Larnaca ; a pledge left unto me by her Thracian husband, when he bore away her child to Greece. Nor denied thy father the poor privilege I craved, to live and die the hermit of this lonely valley.”

“ And there was peace between ye ? ”—faltered the son of the Emir, with anxiety in his face.

“ *There was a grave*,—the foundation of everlasting peace ! As victor and vanquished,—as injured and injurer,—each knew and respected the claims of each. And when, on learning my misfortunes, the daughter of Leontius, like a consoling angel, fled with Thoas her foster-mother in a Symian vessel to our port, the first to bid the trembling fugitives land in safety, was Othman the Emir ! ”—

"She knew then that in our veins congenial blood was flowing!" cried Velid. "Yet O Allah! with what scornful eyes hath Agathonia regarded the kinsman of her mother!"—

"Ignorant of thine own ignorance of the tie, per-adventure thy long estrangement rankled in her heart," pleaded the mild old man. "Yet for my own share, I resented not the Emir's pleasure to seal thy soul against thy Christian kindred; for heavy be thy father's injuries at the hand of a traitor of our race!—He by whose mighty skill the walls of Byzantium defy the terrors of Saracen siege-ment, is a deserter from the Khaliph's camp; and behold, his fealty had been pledged to Mehavyah by the zealous intervention of Othman!"

"But shall he visit on the innocent and the good, the crime of the traitor Callinicus?"—cried Velid, with indignation. Then snatching to his lips the hand extended towards him in conciliation by his venerated host, "In thy words, O my father," he exclaimed, "resideth the unction of truth. In pity, therefore, to one who loved thee when an alien, and who now swears at thy feet the duty and affection of a son, let thy persuasions mediate between us to soften his stubborn heart!"

As the word escaped his lips, the quick ear of the son of the desert was startled by a rustling of the branches, as when a wild beast breaks covert, or an enemy ambush. And behold when, scymitar in hand, he was about to spring towards the spot, the Numidian bondsman drew near, inclining towards his master his stern forehead, and saying, "Let the words of thy servant forewarn thee, O tower of our strength, that there be spies in the valley."

A beneficent smile played upon the features of Telephus as he replied, "Be not thy heart troubled, O faithful one; for what evil have we done?—Let our enemies come, and bear witness."—

Howbeit Velid, misdoubting the truth, persisted in interrogation of the Moor; saying, "What talkest thou of spies, and what manner of men are these whom thou hast seen?"—Whereupon depicted he more clearly the shaping of their turbans and colour of their vests.

"These be my father's people!" exclaimed Velid, labouring to retain an untroubled countenance. "Peradventure they seek me in the valley: I will go forth and meet them by the way."

But behold, in parting from his host, prayed he

earnestly that he might breathe in the ear of Agathonia one farewell word ; for despite the misgivings of his heart and the panic of the hour, he yearned to claim a kinsman's privilege of her who was as light to his eyes.

And lo ! when sanctioned by the grace of Telephus, he hurried into the hall, wild became the throbbings of his heart, and his words contended for utterance. But no sooner had he crossed the threshold than his eager steps were hushed. Beside a crucifix sanctifying the dwelling, knelt the Christian maiden, absorbed in prayer ; so that she heard not his approaching steps, nor refrained from her murmured supplication of — “ Turn thou, O fountain of all Mercy, turn thou his stony heart ! ”

And when she looked round, behold, Velid was by her side.

“ O blessed one, who knewest of the ties that hallow my fond idolatry,” cried he, in wild emotion, “ why hast thou so long estranged thy face ?—And wherefore is thy soul thus bitter against one who would joy in renouncing for thy sake all the treasures of this teeming world ! ”—

And, as she listened to this cry of nature, tears

rose into the eyes of the young Rhodian ; for she saw that, at length, the secret of their consanguinity was revealed.

“Thou hast a kinsman’s part in my heart, O Velid !” said she, with heartfelt but saddened emotion. “Nearer were it and dearer, but that yonder symbol of grace placeth an eternal barrier betwixt our love.—Bitter grievances disunited the dear ones from whom our kindred is derived. Between us, my brother, be there peace !”—

And tears trembled in the voices of both, as the son of Othman repeated fondly after her.—
“Henceforward, and for ever, be there peace !”—

And approaching nearer to her who spake him thus gently, he took into his own her unresisting hands that were as cold as marble, and pressed them to his eyes and forehead, saying, “My soul is dark with the darkness of the land of Egypt, and wandereth as one in the wilderness without a guide. Pray for me, O my beloved, that my spirit be enlightened !—pray mightily for me, Agathonia, at the altar of the Lord thy God !”—

Then bright shone through its tears the countenance she turned towards him ; and thoughts of joy

grew in her breast. But even as the maiden unclosed her lips to speak, behold, the shadow of the messengers of the Emir darkened the threshold.

“O son of Othman, live for ever!”—cried the veteran of the Ascalonians, prostrating himself before the young chief. “Behold, our errand may not tarry in our hand. For thus saith my lord, the Emir: ‘Fetch hither my son, even my son Velid, before my face; for I have tidings for his ear that import the instant service of the Commander of the faithful.’”

Then saluting anew the son of his lord, the soldier went forth from the hall and stood aloof with his company, in readiness to escort back to the city the representative of Othman. And now by the instinct of nature, the hearts of those twain were overcast with the consciousness of grief to come. As the eye of the Prophet looked forth from Carmel towards the sea, and descried the little cloud foretelling a mighty storm, faint grew the accents of Agathonia, as she faltered,—“The darkness of death encompasseth my soul!—Very heavy be the griefs in store for us, Velid, my brother!”

But when she spake thus tenderly, how could

sorrow get' hold upon his heart! And lo! while pressing for the first time upon her brow the seal of his fervent faith, in a voice as the murmuring bees of Philermus, whispered he his words of consolation,—
“Be of good cheer, O best beloved, be of good cheer!
—A clouded dawn foretels the brightest noon!—
The hand of God is over all!”—

And behold, as two dew-drops trembling on a leaf at morn, when shaken by an angry breeze unite indissolubly for ever, those two unsullied beings, moved by the troubles of the hour, inclined towards each other for support, till their young hearts trembled into one.

And it came to pass that, as he went his way out of the valley, the white goat rose up from the threshold and followed him at a distance, till he reached the fall of the stream; gazing after him wistfully, as though the dumb beast had intuition that he would return no more. For the hand that had so often caressed its head, was no longer as the hand of the stranger. So promptly followeth affection the beckoning of a kindly word!

Perplexed nathless were the musings of the young soldier on his homeward way to the city. His mind

misgave him that the secret of his love had gone forth from his keeping; and howbeit no token of anger might distort the countenance of his father when they came together, not the less deadly were the rage within. For as adamant was the imperturbable implacability of Othman the Emir; under whose dreary shadow had withered the gentle heart of Ervé his wife.

And when Velid came into his presence, even in the hall of government to whose bare walls of stone a few trophies of arms assigned the stern aspect befitting the sojourn of a soldier of the Prophet, alone sat the Emir on his divan;—by his side, a purse of money, and the scroll of a firman tied with a silken string, and sealed with a seal.

“Speed be in thy steps, O my son!” cried he hurriedly, as though scarcely a moment remained to unfold the purpose of his mind. “Behold the vessels of Ben-Shedad the Jew sail from our port; and to thee is appointed the duty of supervising the completion of their contract. Before the Cadhi of the city of Antioch, on landing their freight, must be executed in the name of our lord the Khaliph this parchment of discharge. Be watchful, therefore,

O my son,—be diligent,—be speedy,—that it may be well with the father thy soul loveth in the esteem of the Commander of the faithful.”

Like a statue of stone stood Velid to listen to this terrible announcement ; his eyes fixed upon the man in authority whose decree struck death into his heart.

“Already,” resumed Othman, “is the anchor of the Edessians weighed for departure ; so that Meshech, the brother of Ben-Shedad waiteth but thy coming to set sail. Receive, therefore, thy warrant of instruction and gold to supply thy needs ; and be the guard of Allah upon thy head !”—

Then, clapping his hands, entered straightway a company of the Ascalonians, forewarned to escort the son of their Emir till embarked on the deck of the brigantine. Resistance had been unavailing !—For as the talons of an eagle stooping from its flight was the grasp of that man of iron ; and life and death were in the imperative gesture that pointed to the door ; and the voice that uttered his farewell greeting was hoarse with the terrors of the law !

Ere the son of the despot recovered free usage of mind or limb, behold, the blue waters were around

him,—the Pharos of Rhodes glimmered in the distance,—and the word of the pilot was “Antioch!”—

Then, rising like a whirlwind of the desert, ragged the conflict in his troubled breast; feeling contending against feeling, as he reviewed the day’s events. Yet calmer grew his thoughts as he pondered. For over his wrath against Othman and his father, prevailed gratitude to the Father of all; and though the image of Agathonia in his soul was clouded by their discrepancy of faith, soft melted into air those gathering mists as the primeval light of nature revealed their indissoluble union for time and for eternity!—

But be it known that, while the victim of parental authority pondered with an aching brow and heart over these dilemmas of destiny, no whit more tranquil were the minds of Meshech and his crew; in whom was deadly resentment against the authority set over them by the caprice of the Emir. And bitter in his heart of hearts rankled against Velid the hatred of the brother of Ben-Shedad; who on the day his man was smitten by the Ascalonian, and his body spurned by the foot of the son of Othman while tendering his gifts to the Christians of Lar-

naca,—had vowed vengeance even unto blood.—And now, while gazing askance upon the haughty brow of the young Saracen whom chance had flung into his hands, aware he within himself, by the God of Abraham, that ere long it should be levelled with the dust!—

Like an aspick brewing its venom among the reedy pastures of the Nile, had the craftiness of his soul devised a scheme against the father and son,— remorseless persecutors of his tribe; and when, towards the second evening, they hailed the lumen of land, he bade his people set meat and drink before the stranger, that the soul of the son of Othman might be glad, ere he quitted their deck. And when the young man, raising to his parched lips the sherbet of tamarind juice so grateful to their thirst, drank a deep draught with thankfulness, behold! the cup was drugged with mandragora;—so that heavy sleep came upon him, even as the sleep of death!—

And as he lay there, muffled in his cloak, like a thing that had ceased to live,—the towers of Antioch being before them as if rising out of the waters,— the helmsman was bidden to put back; and anchored

lay the vessel of Meshech before the port ; while the two brigantines sailed onward with their precious freight, bearing to Ben-Shedad, who awaited them, a secret message of instruction.

O prompt as the subtile spirit of pestilence was the aptitude of that miscreant soul for evil ! For ere twice the sand-glass had been turned, forth swept from the harbour a gallant barque of lesser mastage than the brigantines, bearing the ensign of the Venetians. And therein did the hands of the sons of Israel silently embark the body of him who slept and of the Judas presiding over his slumbers ; and behold ! they stood out to sea.

Good and gladsome, on the morrow, the breeze that prospered their course !—Blue rippled the waters of the *Ægean*, as the fair ship uplifting her sails danced lightsomely over the waves, like the daughter of Herodias with mischief in her heart, or the almond-tree expanding its beauteous blossoms in the sunshine, with poison at the core !—

And towards evening, as they neared the Cyclades, behold the drowsy Velid muttered incoherent in his dreams — “ Flyest thou, O Antioch, before our sails ?—My soul is a-weary of the sea ! ”—

For fever raged mightily in his veins!—The narcotic drug, working on an excited frame, was stimulating his brain to frenzy; and when midnight came, and with wild shouts and frantic gestures, he started forth and strove to fling himself for coolness into the waves, fain were they to lay hands on him and bind him, lest further mischief should ensue.

Then trembled Meshech for what he had done! yet not for conscience-sake;—but lest the angel of death should wrest out of his hand the triumph and recompense of his treason.

For unto captivity in a Christian land was destined the son of the Emir!—Towards Thrace was the course of their steerage; and on the fourth day, having reached the European shore, the waters of the Propontis glided smooth under their prow. At nightfall, the barque dropped anchor within the Golden Horn.

Familiar to the mariners of Ben-Shedad were the quays of the imperial city, through much traffic between the Jews of Edessa and Armenians of the Bosphorus. At intervals throughout the summer season, were seen the camels of Ben-Shedad traversing the defiles of Taurus and plains of Cappadocia

towards the Hellespont ; laden with silk and camel's hair of Persian and Arabian growth, and ivory and frankincense and spices from the further Ind ;—and above all, for the behoof of Callinicus the Heliopolitan, one of the chief captains of the empire, and cunning as the Maccabee in the craft of war,—sealed jars of naphtha from the district of the Tigris, wherewith he was supposed to temper his mysterious implements of destruction. But not with the less diligence did the vessels trading from Antioch and Tarsus, convey throughout the year to the imperial market, the weightier merchandise of Ben-Shedad.

Easy was it therefore unto Meshech to obtain access to the presence of the mighty man of valour, by whose mouth it was his purpose to dispatch tidings of his mysterious voyage and crooked policy to the ear of the Imperial council of war.—For behold; consuming his days in the inglorious inertness fatal to the early fame of his grandfather Heraclius, in his sumptuous palace of Hebdomon apart from the city by the sea-shore, abided Constantine Pogonatus, panic-struck by the mere threat of Saracen invasion.

At break of day, a gift in hand, and between his

lips the servility of his abject nature, prostrate was the face of Meshech at the feet of Callinicus, captain of the citadel and chief among the councillors of war.

“O artificer of the fire that is quenchless as the flames of Gehenna!”—said the wily Jew,—“O Greek, abstruse of science as the planisphere of Dendera! know that throughout the ports of the Levant, the heralds of Mohavyah have proclaimed war against the empire. And behold, as first fruits of the strife, thy servants bring a bounden captive to thy feet, even a captive worthy of thy greatness.—God hath stricken him in his strength. Yet in his birth-right is he mighty as Behemoth,—a warrior cherished of the Khaliph and sole-born of the Emir of Rhodes; and for the guerdon of our zeal, be it according to the munificence of my lord the Emperor!”

Then Callinicus shouted for joy: “Right welcome art thou for thy news, O son of Abraham; and for the thing that thou hast done, as the lord liveth, it shall be well with thee and with thy house for thy sake.” For in his knowledge that, should the arms of the Saracens prevail, worse than death awaited his desertion of the standard of the Prophet, it rejoiced him to have a hostage thus opportunely

provided, the value of whose head enabled him to dictate terms to the besiegers. Nor was his joy abated by an occasion to testify this deadly enmity long cherished against Othman the husband of Ervé.

With lavish prodigality, therefore, caused he rewards to be distributed from the Imperial treasury to Meshech and his crew, in requital of the wickedness they had wrought; who, with the alertness of traitors against counter-treachery, lest further mischief should ensue, put speed into their sails, and departed in all haste for Antioch.

And having hailed off Samos certain Rhodian vessels trading in the sponges of Symia, they caused it to be rumoured among the Greeks that the brigantines of Ben-Shedad had been sorely set upon by pirates, and the son of Othman captured among the crew. And how was breathing man to surmise that in a strong-hold of the citadel of Constantinople the young man was held in durance?—

Yet like a young cedar which the mountain winds have uprooted till its green top withereth away, lay the son of the Emir, pining in a Christian dungeon!

Ere a week had lapsed from his memorable exclamation at Larnaca,—“Inscrutable O Allah! be thy

decrees, and thy ways past finding out !” the proud man was shorn of his strength,—his beauty wasted,—his reason impaired,—his spirit broken !—

For the waters that murmured against his prison walls were the waters of a Christian country. And lo ! the comrade of the son of the Khaliph was a captive in a land of strangers !

PART VIII.

CHILL fell the words of dismay upon the valour of Rhodes, when it was proclaimed to the warriors of Islam, that evil had befallen their brother in arms. Endeared was Velid to the soldiers, by his open hand,—to their chiefs, by his open heart;—and not one throughout the host of Mohavyah but sympathised in the affliction of the Emir.

Yet gaily danced the summer sunshine over that grieving camp, as though no trouble were in its tents. —For the ocean floweth clear and stainless, though the rivers deposit in its waters the impurities of cities on their shore,—and the earth remaineth fair and verdant though myriads of dead be in its breast;—neither is there change in the glory of the heavens, whatever sighs of suffering humanity exhale unto the unruffled sky!—So immutable is the order of the universe, whereof the foundations are in God!—

But behold, when rumours reached the city that through evil dealing at the hand of the Jews had Velid been delivered to his enemies, fierce rushed the Emir upon his prey, to slake in blood the fury of revenge; and ere the sun went down, every Israelite in the island was put to death!—Only the public executioners did they exempt. For if the Saracens delight in blood that smoketh on the edge of the sword, no less abhor they the defilement of their manhood by slaughter of the felon with axe, or rope, or stake. —

And when weeks and months passed on, and it became known by chance tidings that the doom of the young soldier was in the breast of Constantine, and his cell of captivity in the citadel of Byzantium, in his despair sent the Emir a herald unto Leontius, the præfect of the Imperial palace, saying, “Behold we have laid hands upon Agathonia, thy daughter, and upon Telephus, the father of her who was thy wife.—And by the mighty name of Allah, and the holy tomb of the Prophet of God, if a hair of the head of Velid should be injured, they shall surely die!”—

And it was so.—For with all honour, as hostages,

had the physician and his helpless one been removed from Larnaca, and brought into a strong place of the city. But they bore all meekly. For already such anguish disturbed the soul of Agathonia, for him who was in foreign durance and peril of his days, that not a tear on her own account bewailed the tyranny of the Emir.—

For into a cruel ferocity had the hour of bereavement hardened the heart of Othman against the Christians of Larnaca; from whom to alienate the friendship of his son, had proved the cause of betraying him into jeopardy.—Howbeit, when the grayheaded man was brought before him, the past came back into his memory, and the strings of his heart were loosed; so that he asked in a milder voice of Telephus whether the motive of his captivity had been made known.

“The fool questioneth his neighbour of his fault;—the wise man, his conscience!” replied the prisoner in the words of the Indian philosopher!—“Mine tells me I have done no wrong.—I have patience for the issue!”—

“Yet hast thou surely accused me of cruelty in taking thee from house and home?” resumed the

Emir, his heart inclining yet more and more towards him by whose science he had been rescued aforetime from the grave.

"It is written of one whom the Koran of thy Prophet honoureth as an enlightener of nations," replied the Greek, "that, on a time, the master of Lokman bestowed on him a bitter melon, whereof he ate, as though unconscious of its bitterness.—Then mocked him the master, saying, 'Perceivest thou not that the melon is bitter?'—'Yea, Lord,'—was the answer of Lokman;—'but in my time I have received many good fruits at thy hand; and am bound to eat unquestioning this one unpalatable!'"—

Schooled by a lesson which the name of his Prophet made holy, straightway commanded the Emir of his Ascalonians that the sojourn of the Christian in the fortress should be cared for as the sojourn of the envoy of kings.

Yet not the less Telephus rebuked him, saying, "Though silken carpets be spread under my feet, and cushions of camels' hair under my limbs, and though my food be served in vessels of the gold of Ophyr, like a Satrap's feast,—what profiteth?—

There is health for the old man in his green valley, where the music of the running stream is as the voice of God, and the balm of the summer atmosphere as the breath of nature.—But within thy sunless walls, I perish!—My heart will sicken after the herbs, and flowers, and dumb things cherished by my hand.—Trivial may it seem to thee, O Othman, that one about to embark on the ocean of eternity should find pleasure in the purple shells that glitter on the shore. But as the infancy of the life immortal, is the old age of human life; whose simplicity fondleth the gifts vouchsafed by the tender mercies of Providence.”

“Bitter to every soul that liveth is the hour of captivity!” replied the Emir; “but bitter as the waters of Marah to a son of the desert, whose foot is by custom in the stirrup, and whose hand on the spear!”

He paused: for faltering was in the voice that reverted to the grievous fortune of his son; and Telephus, perceiving his advantage, resumed his expostulation.—

“It is not for myself alone I plead,” said he; “or for the child that is dearer to me than myself.—But in our sufferings, many suffer.—Behold, the hearth is quenched at Larnaca; and there is none to heal the

sick or succour the sorrowful.—No board so poor but there be poorer to feed upon its crumbs. Restore, therefore, I pray thee, the old man to the duties of his declining years, and the thankfulness of his people be thy reward!"—

"Address thee unto Leontius, thy son!"—cried the Emir,—as from the depths of a troubled heart.—
"So shall his word prevail with the emperor, and my son go free.—And lo!—when the soldier of the Khaliph, leapeth joyful on the quay of Rhodes, the Christian physician and his household shall find rest at Larnaca."—

"Deemest thou we have tarried for thy bidding to plead his cause?"—cried Telephus, with indignation. "Precious to our eyes as the light of day is the face of Velid, thy son,—and fervent, O, fervent hath been our interceding and unwearied our prayer."—

"And without hope?"—interrupted Othman—his breast swelling as he listened.

But Telephus answered never a word; and once and again was the question repeated, ere he replied in an altered voice—"The lust of vengeance rageth in the soul of Callinicus against the seed of Othman;

and his counsel is in the ear of the emperor as the counsel of the inspired. May the Disposer of all things soften his heart !"—

Then covered the Emir his face with his garment ; for a threefold death was in the dooming of Velid his son !—The proclamation of his herald in the ears of nations of a retaliative justice, condemned irretrievably the lives of Telephus and Agathonia ; and pity blended with the anguish of his heart.

But that unwonted weakness passed as an arrow's flitting ; and an evil chance willed that, on uncovering his face for further interrogation of the Christian, his eyes fell upon a weapon hanging to the wall,—a sabre of boyhood,—a little one,—that the strong arm of Velid had outgrown ;—which hung there as a token of his son, whom his eyes must behold no more !

Then contracted, as by a spasm of nature, the heart of the Saracen ! And turning with a gesture of authority to the Ascalonians waiting his pleasure, in hoarse and broken accents he exclaimed, " Remove this man :—he troubleth me !"—

And it came to pass that as Telephus was escorted back to his prison, gat sight of him a haggard

Santon who was waiting at the palace gates the coming forth of the Emir ; such as obtain alms in the palaces of the East, by frantic denunciations, which the Moslems esteem prophetic. For in the torrid solitudes of the desert, which bewilder into alchemy and astrology the brain of the learned, abides distraction by dreams and visions for the excited souls of the devout.

“Pour forth your vials of wrath !” cried the fanatic, thrusting his lean hand into his matted hair and gathering up with the other his flowing raiment, as the Christian was led across the Court : “Pour them forth on the head of the ungodly ! For his bones shall be broken, and the vultures pick out his eyes, and his place remember him no more !—Pour forth your vials of wrath !”—

And behold the followers of the Prophet, who listened with fear and trembling to these ravings, thenceforward regarded the captive infidel as doomed of God !

But, even as foretold by his own predictions, languished the old man's health !—Though tended with devoted love by Agathonia, and patient fidelity by Thoas and the bondsman, he was as one friendless and

alone. Books were denied him by the Emir ; that in dreariness of captivity he might redouble his zeal of pleading in behalf of Velid, and the eyes accustomed to contemplate in daily gladness the works of nature, grew filmed with age, now that such exercise was wanting. The iron hand of Islam which had so fiercely smitten his country, lay heavy on his head ; and he knew that, even as the name of Rhodes was effaced from the pages of history, would the name of Telephus be effaced from the memory of Rhodes.—The island of the sun had fallen ; the last of its sages was about to fall.

“Ichabod!—my glory is departed!”—was, ever and anon the ejaculation of the wounded spirit.

For lo ! the master spring of life was broken !—Even his memory became impaired. As a lake in the smoothness of whose hour of peace is mirrored the tranquillity of the heavens, reflecteth only broken images when an angry breeze hath ruffled its waters, —so that the stars appear to vibrate, and sunshine and gloom are intermingled,—all was confusion in his mind !

Vainly did Agathonia strive to collect his bewildered thoughts, by talk of Larnaca,—its flowers,—its

trees, — its summer-shade, — and the doves of her rearing whose white wings fluttered in the sunshine round the rock, like spirits of peace.

“There be none to feed them now !” was his disconsolate rejoinder, “and they will pine and die, even as, for lack of spiritual food, the wanderers in whose ears I was wont to recite the promises of grace. The Tree of refuge extendeth its shade in vain !”

But Agathonia would not despond. In tender and faltering accents repeated she the parting words of Velid—“Despair not—O, despair not!—the hand of God is over all !” and, moved by this touching reminiscence, confided, for the first time, to her sorrowing companion the convictions which had begun to enlighten the soul so dear to them, even as by the crumbling of a wall that had long shut out the light of day.

But even this availed not for the comfort of Telephus !—How was he to exult in behalf of one exposed to such imminence of present peril ?

He knew that all Christendom would applaud the deed, should the young man’s life be taken by Constantine, in atonement of the manifold crimes of

Islam. The bosom of the fairest provinces of the Empire had been scarred by the trampling horsemen of the Sons of the desert, and seas of blood been shed, and the sepulchre of Christ profaned.—And behold, a victim of sacrifice was in their hands for expiation.—And when and where, amid the scorching flames of human warfare, arise the softening dews of mercy from the earth?

Wherever the old man turned his eyes, were tokens of vengeance and destruction! And lo! the thought of his Agathonia, about to be abandoned to the storm, like a lily of Hermon, lonely on the mountain side, mingled wormword in his chalice of tears!—

“Thou weepest, O my father!” murmured the maiden, as she watched beside his couch, one solemn evening, when again disappointed of the return of the herald by whom they looked for tidings of Velid, and promise of release.—“How—how—may I assuage thy tears!”—

“There was a time, thou dear one,” answered the faltering accents of the feeble man, “when with the all-wise Cicero, I held it a greater evil to be insensible to sorrow, than to have sorrow heaped upon

my head!—But now, enlightened by experience, I applaud in the poet's language the pity of the gods, in converting Niobe into stone, to spare her the consciousness of her afflictions!"—

Grieved that he should revert at such an hour to wisdom of mere human invention, gently did she uplift her voice in the words of Eliphaz the Temanite—rebuking the murmurs of the man of Uz: "Happy is the man whom God correcteth,—therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty.—For he maketh sore and bindeth up,—he woundeth and his hand maketh whole.—Receive, I pray thee, the law from his mouth, and lay up his words in thy heart. And he shall deliver the island of the innocent,—and it shall be delivered by the pureness of thy hands!"—

But the pleading of her lips was vain.—Irresponsible remained the soul of him who listened!—

"Thou art young!" said he. "The harvest of hope is garnered up in thy soul; nor hath the shadow of time mildewed its golden ear. Those only who stand upon the brink of the grave, discern the darkness of the abyss. But for the clue of human affection guiding onward to rejoin the lost ones gone

before, O who would attain strength and firmness to traverse that fearful gulf!"—

Then grief choked the utterance of Agathonia; for she saw that the soul she loved was as some mighty cupola, lighted from below, where, when the shades of evening gather, all is dark!—

"As we approach the glories of eternity," faltered the dying man, "the refulgence of the throne of God, reflected into our souls, discovereth every latent blot. Compared with his radiant purity, O my child, crime-spotted is the most blameless of his creatures. Nor must the blood-guiltiness and sensuality of impassioned natures be more heavily atoned, than, in a life like mine, a selfish sloth of spirit. Our faculties are given us that their exercise may meliorate the condition of those we are enjoined to love as ourselves; and the neglect of this duty, is a breach of the commandments of God!—Therefore—O therefore, do I tremble!—For I know that my judgment approacheth; and though my faith in divine mercy admits neither the lowest drop of Ezekiel, nor the Tartarus or Puriphlegethon of the heathen, there may be a place of punishment, my Agathonia, joyless, loveless, sunless,—where hope

and memory are extinguished, and one long vague remorse replaceth Time and Eternity !”

“ O not for those who believe !” cried the distracted Agathonia, flinging herself on her knees by his side.—“ As the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so also our consolation aboundeth by Christ !”

An inarticulate murmur trembled on the lips of the sufferer, on whose brow were already rising the dews of death. Like one who gropeth in darkness, were his feeble hands outstretched, as in search of some stay or anchor for sustainment in his passage to eternity.—

Then Agathonia, seeing that his end was approaching, and knowing her helplessness, prayed aloud for succour ; so that their faithful attendants, warned by her uplifted voice, rushed in and ministered to his aid.

But all was vain.—The gray head of the sufferer was bowed upon his breast.—His wisdom was gone forth from him.—His heart was chill with death.—And when the last sigh escaped his lips, and his eyes became fixed for ever, there was no trust—no comfort in their gaze !—

While with reverent hands the weeping Thoms proceeded to cover the face of the dead, Agathonia,

struggling with her tears, stooped down to imprint one last fond kiss upon the brow of him, in whose sorrows and affections she had borne so large a part. —When lo! at that solemn moment, a terrible shout profaned the stillness of the chamber of death! Above the yells of a Pagan multitude that seemed to assail the fortress, rose a cry of “Death to the Christians!—Vengeance—vengeance on the Greek!” —and Agathonia, shuddering as she listened, turned towards the cold pale face of the dead, and blessed the name of the Lord, who in his mercy had taken away!—

Another moment, and a blaspheming throng was around her; the rude soldiery and Saracen population of Rhodes, mingled in tumultuous confusion. And behold, when they looked on the bed of death, and saw that their victim had escaped them, they seized upon his faithful servants and slew them, and cast them forth like dogs. And the cries of the faithful nurse and groans of the bondsman, went forth from the depths of their souls.

But for Agathonia was reserved a direr fate; and ere the horror-struck maiden could commend herself to the protection of Heaven, an iron arm had clasped

her round, and she was borne with mockery and insult from the chamber of death, and flung into the deepest dungeon of the fortress.—And behold the ruffian who barred to the grated door, shouted aloud in derision as he left her, that an anguish worse than death awaited her on the morrow !

Stunned by this suddenness of assailment and the weight of her previous sorrows, scarcely had the outcries of the people made clear to her comprehension the cause of this sudden condemnation. For lo ! in an hour of evil counsel, an outrage had been perpetrated by Constantine against the faith of nations,—the herald of the Khaliph flung into the Bosphorus,—and the son of the Emir put to an ignominious death ; —and the vow of Othman must be accomplished !

Like the Cyclop raging in his blindness, was his thirst of revenge. While with a frantic voice he called upon the name of Velid,—his only earthly hope,—his brave, his beautiful, his beloved,—comfort was in the thought that the heart of Leontius the præfect, was accessible to the torments he endured.

How different that livelong night the mood of Agathonia in her cell !—It was the last of her

mortal probation.—On the morrow she was to die!
—But what then?—Alone in this breathing world,
there is peace only in the path tracked out by the
footsteps of the departed!—

Amid the darkness of her dungeon,—in the depth
of her solitude,—without one earthly object around
her from which to extract a cheering thought,—
there reached her through her prison-bars the dis-
tant murmur of the sea.

Then sinking on her knees, burst forth her cry of
thanksgiving:—

“Behold I am no longer forlorn!—Behold I am
not utterly forsaken!—For I know that my Re-
deemer liveth, and I hear thy voice, O God!”—

And the angels of heaven that watched over her,
amid the shadows of night, joyfully responded

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PART IX.

WOE-STRUCK were the warriors of the camp, when morning came; and desolate as when the cry of the jackal is heard in Ephesus, was the desolation of the city!—Syrian and Rhodian were alike overwhelmed with grief.—For low in the dust was humbled the pride of Islam; and she who was so fair in their eyes,—she who was so treasured by their love,—she who had wiped the tears from so many faces,—was about to suffer a death of shame!

For the Emir had said in his wrath, “Be the Christians’ law our justice:—‘an eye for an eye,—a tooth for a tooth!’—By impalement died the noblest of the Syrian warriors:—let her perish by the stake!”

And lest the Rhodians should arise against the fulfilment of his sentence, the whole camp was under arms; lining the streets and quays to accomplish the slaying of one gentle maiden, as though a horde of malefactors were to be done to death!—

Even those hardened soldiers had peradventure revolted from their savage duty, but that the nature of the Emir's oath of retribution was publicly proclaimed; so that the Saracens whispered reverently among themselves—"There is no respite!—By the tomb of the Prophet sware he that the maid should die!"—

Nevertheless one alternative was afforded. By the law of Mahomet, conversion, which is as the cleansing of the soul from sin, conveys redemption from the judgment; and after the Islamite custom, at day-dawn was the cell of the captive visited by an Imaum, to tender the Scriptures of the Koran as a rock of salvage to the bewrecked.—But glory to God in the highest, she denied not her Master! Nor was the specious offer made with hope of acceptance; for to the honour of the Christians be it told that never had the prospect of death obtained a proselyte to the Moslems, within the suffering island of Rhodes.

"Thy blood, O daughter, be on thy head!" said the man of God, as he quitted the cell in sorrow. Nor could he choose but marvel with admiration at the constancy of one so young,—the firmness of one so meek.—

And now, amid the stillness of morning, blew ever and anon from the fortress the blasts of the funeral trumpet;—a solemn intimation to the people that the hour of execution was at hand!—And while that mournful shrillness chilled every hearer to the marrow, forth issued from the gates the Ascalonian guard, bearing their spears reversed, leading the way towards the fatal spot beside the church of St. Nicholas; where the executioner and his men,—three ghastly Jews of Antioch,—awaited the victim.

Barefooted and bareheaded followed Agathonia,—her eyes upraised to Heaven,—her bleeding feet tinging the flinty way.—A garment of sackcloth, girded with a rope, replaced her usual vesture. Yet naked were her breast and shoulders, save where the long tresses of her hair streamed over them like a veil; and though thus inhumanly exposed to the profanation of gazing eyes, such sanctity was in her uplifted face, that not an eye of those assembled multitudes rested in wantonness upon a form, the whiteness of whose beauty was as the whiteness of her innocent soul!—Her spirit, absorbed in God, seems already to glorify the body abandoned to the cruelty of her persecutors.—

And behold as she quitted the fortress, the captain of the Ascalonian guard, even Al-Mähmon, who, for her beauty's sake and the sake of the departed friend that loved her, was deeply moved with compassion, approaching her as in discharge of his duty, offered poison to release her from her miseries;—whispering with earnest entreaty, “By the memory of Velid, I adjure thee,—take, eat, and escape this frightful condemnation!”—

Yet, tempted like the tempted of Satan, like *him* she avoided the snare.

“Since thou wilt me well,” said she to Al-Mähmon, gently putting aside the gift, “*one* service will I thankfully accept at thy hands. If in my hour of agony I fall from God, lift up, I pray thee, before my eyes the hilt of thy sword, that they rest upon the sign of the Cross; and that, like the serpent-bitten in Hormah, through faith there may be health in my soul!”

But he entreated her yet the more, saying, “Thou knowest not, O gentle Christian, thy torments in store!—If not for thy own sake, for *ours*, who must witness thy sufferings,—spare us the sight of such a death!”—

And for a moment her heart was troubled!—But

the memory of him she loved, and the thought that through her patience he might obtain eternal life, renewed her sinking courage.

"Let me bear the worst!"—was her meek reply. "Should my submission find favour in the sight of Heaven, it may be that God will accept him for my sake!"—

Then Al-Mâlmôn turned away his face to hide his tears,—lest his weakness should betray a soldier of the Khaliph to the scorn of the people.—And again, the ghastly trumpets breathed forth their piteous blasts; and the procession of death passed on.—

But it was with loathing in his soul rather than sorrow that the young Saracen averted his face, when they reached the place of execution; where stood the ruthless Antiochian, with his brawny arms bared to the shoulder, impatient to seize his prey. For the heart of the soldier sickened when he knew that the rude hands of her murderers were laid on that form of purity and grace. And his breath came short; and ere he had time to close his ears,—one shriek, one piercing shriek, that rent the air, as if wrung from the irrepressible anguish of mortal nature,—apprised him that the deed was done!—

And for a time, there was darkness, as of the blind, upon his soul ; and when at length he took courage to glance towards the spot, behold the executioner stood aloof wiping his swarthy face, as from the labour of his hideous duty.—To *her* he dared not,—no, he dared not turn his eyes!—Even the soldiers who with knitted brows and stern presentment lined the square, could scarcely retain their breaths from a cry of horror!—

But howbeit no further murmur proclaimed the agonies of the gentle martyr,—all present of the Moslems adjured the mercy of the Prophet to release her from her pangs.—And when the hours sped on, and a burning meridian sun shone out upon the spot, that faintness came upon the souls of even the strong men assembled, Al-Mâhmon, remembering by sudden instinct, that a draught of water conveys release to those who suffer at the stake, presented with trembling hands a cup to the lips of Agathonia.

Fain would the Jew have interposed, as claiming the administration of the law ; but the young soldier thrust him back fiercely with his sword, saying, “ My head shall answer for it to the Emir ! ”—

Rich, rich was the reward of his mercy, in the

glance of heavenly thankfulness cast upon him by those dying eyes!—No need to uplift before their agony the emblem of salvation!—The faith that inspired the fortitude of Agathonia shone bright within!—

And behold, ere Al-Mâhmon had restored the cup to the soldier who had fetched it at his bidding, loud clamours echoed from afar, as though the rumour of his charity had already reached the judgment-seat. But no!—Joy was in that maddening shout—triumph in that gathering acclamation!—And lived there then in Rhodes who could exult, while all that was best and fairest was passing from the earth?—

A moment afterwards, with consternation in his soul, he distinguished amid the cries of the people the name of “Velid!”—

“Allah illah Allah!—welcome thou son of Othman!”—was the heartfelt acclaim.—“Lo! our chief that was a captive is restored to us!—Welcome, —thrice welcome unto Velid!”—

And such had been the joyous gratulations anticipated by the son of the Emir, when, on approaching the well-known coast, and impatient of the sluggish progress of their sails, he had scarce refrained from flinging himself into the waves, that he might sooner

reach the shore! O how he longed to feel once more under his foot the native land of Agathonia!—O how he panted to breathe again her Rhodian air!—What joy to say to his father—“It was Leontius who redeemed thy son!—Harsh had been my doom from the Byzantians, but that Leontius willed I should be free. And behold! I am here at thy feet—restored in health,—restored in freedom,—restored in happiness!—Give thanks unto the Christians’ God, and thy blessing to Agathonia, thy daughter!”—

So seethed within his veins the ferment of triumphant passion, when, as the vessel touched land he leapt ashore; and, finding the quays deserted, stooped down to kiss the hallowed ground which so often in the depth of his captivity, he had despaired that he should again behold. And when the scattered loiterers on the Mole perceived that it was indeed the son of Othman they had hailed on the deck of that Thracian barque, whose flag of truce proclaimed an errand of peace, they gave glory to the name of Allah, and welcome to the face of Velid!—

Scarce could he attain the city gate, for the gathering throng obstructing his passage with

Then, writhing in his agony, wrested he from the arms of pollution the thing that was dear to him.— And having wrapt it in a cloak, he laid it across his knees, and sat by the way-side mourning.— And because it was the son of Othman, no man hindered.

And after a space, messengers came unto him, saying,—“ My lord, the Emir calleth for thee ! ” But he answered never a word. And again came messengers, in haste, saying, “ Thy father yearneth to look upon thy face ! ”—And he cried in a voice as from the tombs,—“ Henceforward I have *no* father ! —Leave me with my dead ! ”

Howbeit Al-Mâhmon, whose eyes were red with weeping, and whose words hoarse with misery, entreated him and would not be denied ;—reminding him how the Muezzin had summoned the faithful to prayer, and that much people would come about the place.

Then Velid arose, and calling to him certain veterans of the Ascalonian guard that had loved him from childhood, they laid the body on a bier, and bare it, closely covered, through the city, on the way to Larnaca.

And as the son of Othman pursued with burning eyeballs and staggering footsteps that well-known road, he heeded not when they reached the hill of Zimboli, that the song of the nightingale mocked him from the thickets, or that the orange blooms shed their incense in the air.—But when, as they reached the falling waters, the spray of the torrent sprinkled his feet, he stooped,—and in the hollow of his hand, drew water to relieve his parching thirst.

And behold, as, in the stillness of evening, they wound their way along that quiet valley, heavy amid the silence of Nature, fell the tramp of the bearers of the dead.

And it came to pass that, whispers having gathered in the city that Velid the son of the Emir was returned from captivity, (the rumour of his death being the wicked device of the Jews, who had borne false witness to engender wrath against the Christians,) and that he was bearing home to Larnaca the victim of that cruel deception,—great multitudes followed towards the valley.

But the barriers set up by the Emir at the mouth of the defile, interdicted further encroachment; and it was the Rhodians alone who, with a grief defying

temporal authority, hastened from every hamlet of the district;—rending their garments and crying—
“Judgment hath fallen on our congregation!—
Darkness is on the valley of Larnaca!—O star that rose too near thy setting,—why hast thou deserted our sphere?”—

And when they came unto the Tree of refuge, behold, the withered herbs of the garden, which had shot up, and shed their seeds, and perished, rustled mournfully in the desolate air; and beside the door lay the milkwhite goat, moaning, and wasted, and forgotten.

And on entering the dwelling of the rock, cold lay the ashes on the hearth, and the casket of knowledge was rifled.—But the doves that had been reared by Agathonia were nestling on the shoulder of the veiled statue,—living emblems of purity and peace!—

And Velid spake the word; and when the cypress trees flung their long dark shadows over the place of tombs, the soldiers digged a grave; where, folded in the cloak, he laid her at the feet of her mother.—And the grass was over her head.—For he would not that a human eye should look on the de-features of the thing he loved!—

Then humbled he himself beside the grave, and covered his face with his garment.—And his heart was as a stone within his breast.

And when the sun rose again in the heavens, came the Emir, leaving his people at the entrance of the valley. And having reached the dwelling of the rock, he called upon the name of his son.

But there was no voice in the place; and when, beside the place of tombs, he discovered the haggard mourner, he craved for mercy at his hands, as we crave mercy at the hands of the mighty.

“Thou art all that is left to me!” cried he, in a voice of despair—“Take pity on my desolation!—I *pray* thee come home to me, O my son!”

But the man of sorrow would not be entreated. For he was as one distraught.—

“Thy hardness of heart and hand have slain my mother and my bride!” cried he,—motioning the Emir from his sight,—“My home is in the grave of thy making.—Leave me, leave me, with my dead!”—

And in the evening came the Christians, with measured steps and ashes on their heads, bringing flowers to the tomb of her who had been a prop to

the aged,—a guide to the blind,—a friend to the fatherless.—For they knew that, henceforward, when the poor came weeping to the valley, there would be none to succour;—that the angel of mercy had spread her wings and fled!—And howbeit no man breathed the name of Agathonia, which had become as an holy word, the voice of their mourning rose up as a blessed testimonial to the throne of God!

But Velid heard it not, nor heeded!—All was over for him in this world.—Al-Máhmon, his comrade, attended him with faithful and abiding friendship, listening to his moans in the night season, and at day-break following his steps at a distance. For he wandered to and fro, heartbroken, seeking what was not to be found, the print of her footsteps on the grass—the murmur of her voice upon the breeze!—

Yet ever, within the depths of his heart, re-echoed the words of her dirge:—

For they are now thine own, O God most holy!—
Thy dayspring of eternal glory slowly
Dawns o'er yon silent bed!

And behold! when the summer waned, there was another grave in LARNACA!—

NOTES.

Page 2, line 11.

It would be easy to load this little volume with notes ;—but to what purpose ! The superficial reader will pass them over, and to the learned reader, they are superfluous. A few brief references, therefore, may suffice ; and those who are interested to obtain a more detailed account of the conquest of the Island of Rhodes and destruction of the Colossus, are referred to the treatise of Meursius, *Art. Rhodes*, Vol. III. p. 715, and to the pages of Constantine and Theophanes, the Byzantine historians. By most writers, the weight of metal sold by the Saracens in Rhodes is said to have loaded 900 camels ; but one of the Byzantine annalists raises the number to 30,000 !—

The existence of the additional colossal statues referred to in the text, is certified by Pliny : “*Centum colossi alium nobilitaturi locum.*”—Hist. Nat. xxiv. 18.

Page 2, line 24.

The Island of Rhodes was conquered by the Saracens, A.D. 653 ; but the sale of the Colossus is ascribed by different historians to various dates between that epoch and the siege of Constantinople, under the Khaliphate of Mohavyah, A.D. 672 ; during which interim the Saracens had possession of the island. The diversity of date between the Alexandrian and the Christian era has occasioned some confusion.

Page 7, line 12.

The ancient name of the Island of Rhodes is said to have been derived from *ροδον*, on account of the profusion of that flower in the island. The primitive state of Rhodes is alluded to by Homer, Pindar, and nearly all the great writers of antiquity ; and it is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that one of the seven Sages of Greece was Cleobulus of Rhodes, the son of Evagoras of Lindus, who died B.C. 564, as famous for the beauty of his person as for that of his verses.

Page 17, line 23.

The celebrated Siege of Rhodes, by the son of Antigonus, Demetrius Poliorcetes, or the City Destroyer, about 300 years before Christ, can scarcely be said to have detracted from the glory of either ; since it ended in a truce, and the victor agreed to leave some of his celebrated war-engines to the vanquished, as a token of esteem. The *helepoles*, first used by Demetrius, the greatest engineer of his time, against the Rhodians, are minutely described by Plutarch.

Page 24, line 8.

The site of the school of Æschines is still shown with pride by the Rhodians. This celebrated rival of Demosthenes, who was banished to Rhodes by the Athenians, died there B.C. 340. His generous tribute to the superiority of Demosthenes in a lesson to his Rhodian disciples, is well known. Having recited before them his famous harangue against the author of the *Philippics*, he was requested to read the reply of his antagonist, which was received with double the applause bestowed on his own oration. "What then would have been your rapture," cried he, with enthusiasm, "had you heard it from the lips of Demosthenes ?"

Page 24, line 23.

Among the treasures seized by the Saracens, after the defeat of Chosroës, King of Persia, according to Albufeda, was a silken carpet, 100 feet square, whereon was depicted a paradise or garden; the fruits, flowers, and shrubs, embroidered in gold and precious stones. The Khaliph Omar, regardless of the beautiful design, caused it to be divided and equitably apportioned among his brothers in arms; and the share of Ali alone, when sold for the value of the materials, realised 20,000 drachmas.

Page 25, line 3.

The hill of Zimboli was so named by the Saracens, *Zambulu* being the Arabic for hyacinth, a flower abounding on the spot. The violet, anemone, and jonquil, are also abundant; and most modern travellers expatiate on the luxuriant fertility of the Rhodian soil. Lamartine describes the arbutus and ilex thickets in the vicinity of the city; and Dr. Clarke mentions that the air is embalmed by the profusion of orange blossoms.

Among the conceits of the poet Rotrou, he describes the cypress, as "*ce clou énorme qui sert à rattacher la ciel à la terre!*"—

Page 26, line 12.

Philermus, called by Strabo Atibiris, is the highest mountain in Rhodes. A chapel erected on the site of the ancient temple of Jupiter, contained a miraculous image of the Virgin, which was carried off in state by the knights of St. John, when they evacuated the island. The chapel is now abandoned, and filled with the honeycombs of the wild bees, to the profit of the Turkish shepherd who keeps his flocks on Philermus.

Page 26, line 14.

The valley described under the fictitious name of Larnaca, lies at some distance from the foot of Philermus. The exca-

vations in the isolated rock are of immemorial antiquity, and supposed by antiquarians to have formed one of the first temples raised to Ceres. Several excavated rocks are to be found in the vicinity, which have evidently served for tombs. At no great distance from this highly interesting monument, is the gloomy valley where, according to the archives of the Order of St. John, a dragon that devastated the island was slain by the hand of Goson, one of the earlier knights of St. John.

Page 29, line 13.

The oriental plane trees of Rhodes, and other of the Greek islands, are of remarkable beauty. One of the finest is at Stanchio, the ancient Cos ; and has been noticed by travellers for the last three centuries, as covering the market-place with its branches. Within the last few years, however, some of the largest boughs have decayed. The unlettered Turks exhibit this tree as planted by Hippocrates, who died B.C. 361! and whose memory is still revered as that of a divinity in the island of Cos. "This is as it should be," says Lamartine, after visiting a fountain, supposed to have been erected by the father of medicine. "*On aime à voir les peuples se rapprocher ainsi au souvenir d'un bienfaiteur de l'humanité ; on aime à voir cette vénération touchante, qui donne à une simple fontaine la durée des monumens de Pharaon !*"

Page 36, line 6.

The colossal statue of Apollo was dedicated by the Rhodians to their tutelary god, in gratitude for their escape from the arms of Demetrius. It was 70 cubits, or 105 feet high, and of such stupendous proportions, that few men could clasp its thumb. The statue was designed by Chares, the scholar of Lysippus, assisted by Laches ; the legs being stretched apart and planted on the moles on either side of the harbour, so that ships of war sailed between. The face was uplifted toward heaven. The completion of the statue occupied twelve

years. A winding staircase ascended to the head; from whence were discernible the coasts of Syria and Egypt, by means of optic glasses secured on the spot. The Colossus of Rhodes remained steadfast, and one of the wonders of the world, for more than half a century, but was overthrown by the shock of an earthquake, B. C. 224. The price paid to the Saracens for the metal is computed at 36,000*l.* sterling, including the statues plundered from the different cities of the island. The sacrifice of the latter is equally to be lamented and wondered at; since, when transported to Rome, the works of Lysippus were purchased at their weight in gold.

Page 36, line 13.

Ptolemy I. acquired his surname of Soter from the protection afforded to his allies, the Rhodians, against Antigonus and Demetrius.

Page 35, line 10.

The Rhodians devoted, at the epoch of the Trojan war, to commerce, were the first to create maritime law. Their code, engrafted into that of Rome, has been in part adopted by all the nations of the world; and the insignificant island now trembling under the control of a Bey, who trembles under the bowstring of the Sultan, may consequently be said, to this day, to give law to the seas!

Page 36, line 20.

The Book of Ecclesiasticus is supposed to have been written A.C. 200, by Jesus the son of Sirach, after acquaintance with the philosophy of Greece.

Page 37, line 13.

The picture of the Feats of Jalyus, painted for the Rhodian republic, by Protogenes of Caunus, was one of the marvels of antiquity. The painter, who took seven years for its completion, is recorded to have lived upon lupines during the

work, that his fancy might not be obscured. Protogenes was so little appreciated by his countrymen, as to have been forced to paint ships for a subsistence; till Apelles, by buying up his works, attested their merit. It was in painting the picture of Jalysus that occurred the often-recorded incident of a perfect representation of the foam proceeding from the mouth of a dog, being produced by a sponge flung at the canvas by the artist in despair. Ælian and Juvenal describe the works of Protogenes; and Plutarch records that Demetrius not only spared for his sake the suburb of Rhodes in which he resided, but after the siege, visited and complimented him on the coolness he had displayed, by continuing to work throughout the hour of peril. "What had I to fear!" replied the artist. "Your war is directed against the Rhodians,—not against the arts of Peace."

The celebrated picture of Jalysus, removed from Rhodes when it became a Roman province, was burned in the Temple of Concord during the reign of Commodus.

Page 38, line 9.

The Telchines, inhabitants of Rhodes, described by Ovid and Diodorus Siculus, were the first who erected statues to the gods.

Page 38, line 22.

In many parts of Greece antique statues have been found deprived of their heads by the Turks, to be converted into mortars for domestic uses.

Page 39, line 5.

Windmills were invented by the Arabs in the seventh century.

Page 40, line 4.

No statues to the gods were raised in Rome till nearly two centuries after the death of Numa, who had suppressed them as an offence to the Divinity.

Page 43, line 9.

The Caaba, or sacred temple of Mecca, is first mentioned by Diodorus, Vol. I. p. 211. Its archives extended seven centuries before the birth of Christ. The temple consisted of several halls, a chapel, and a portico,—the water from the roofs being discharged from a golden spout; and the sacred well of Zem-Zem, within the quadrangle, being preserved by a dome from external pollution. The water is described as brackish.

The tribe of Koreish were the privileged custodians of the Caaba; born of whom was Abdallah, the father of Mahomet. D'Herbelot, Pocock, Sale, and several succeeding travellers, have given plates or descriptions of the Caaba, which contained 360 idols,—chiefly of animals,—for, in Arabia, according to La Mothe, as

En Egypte, toute bête était dieu,

Tant, au contraire, l'homme était bête!

The chief idol, equalling in sanctity the far-famed black stone to salute which constitutes one of the beatitudes of the Mahometans, was the figure of Hebal, or Hobal, formed in red agate; holding in his hand seven headless arrows, symbols of the seven planets, to whom were dedicated by the Arabians the days of the week.

The purification of the Caaba and casting forth of its idols by Mahomet, are described by Albufeda, Abulpharagius, and in Elmacin's history of the Saracens.

Page 44, line 16.

Chai'bar was a stronghold of the Jews in Arabia, about six days' journey from Medina; it was protected by eight fortresses, but destroyed by Mahomet, and its high priest put to torture to compel him to discover his treasures. During the last four years of his life, the prophet of the faithful believed himself to have been poisoned in revenge by a

Jewess of Chaïbar,—the poison having been administered as a test of his omniscience. Previous to the Hegira, the Jews and Arabs lived on amicable terms, uniting for the plunder of the caravans.

Page 44, line 17.

At the battle of Mount Ohud, in 623, Mahomet received a wound from a javelin, and had two of his teeth shattered by a stone.

Page 46, line 2.

Plato declared that the exposition of his doctrine of the immortality of the soul must remain imperfect, unless a *divine revelation* dispelled the clouds obscuring human intelligence.

Περὶ τῶν τούτων, τὸ μὲν σαφὲς εἶδέναι ἐν τῷ νῦν βίῳ, ἢ ἀδύνατον εἶναι, ἢ παγκρατέειν τι. . . τὸν γοῦν βελτίστον τῶν ἀνθρώπων λόγον λαβόντα καὶ δυσχελεῖν τε καὶ ἐπὶ τοῦτο ἐχούμενον, ὅστις ἐπὶ σχιδίᾳ, κινδυνεύουσα διακλυῖσαι τὸν βίον· εἰ μὴ τίς δύναται το ἀσφαλίσθῃεν καὶ ἀκινδυνόσθῃεν ἐπὶ βίῳ, οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλος, ἢ λόγος οὗτος, διαπερυθῆναι. (ΠΛΑΤ., ΦΑΙΔΟΝ.)

Pliny has recorded the opinions of Democritus, VII. LV.
"Similis et de asservandis corporibus hominorum, ac reviviscendi promissa à Democrito vanitas, qui non vixit ipse!"

The faith of Phocylides is still more clearly expressed :—

Οὐ καλὸν ἀρεμένην ἀναλυσμένον ἀνθρώπου.
 Καὶ τάχα δ' ἐκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν εἰς φῶς ἰδθῆναι
 Αἰψάμ' ἀπαιχομένον, ἐπίσω δὲ θεοὶ τελευτῶνται.

Page 47, line 23.

"Rams' skins dyed red, and badgers' skins." Exodus, xxxvi. 19.

Irák, or Assyria.

Page 48, line 23.

Page 54, line 21.

The beauty and lightness of the armour worn by Demetrius, is celebrated by Plutarch. Alcimus of Epirus, who was slain at the siege of Rhodes, had also a fine suit of mail, the work of Zolius and gift of the son of Antigonus, which fell as a trophy to the Rhodians.

Page 56, line 14.

Amrou, one of the most remarkable of Mahomet's companions, was the conqueror of Egypt A.D. 638, under the Khaliphate of Omar.

Page 60, line 17.

The occupations of the Parthian kings, and those of Macedonia and Pergamus, are described by Plutarch.

Page 64, line 1.

Early in the sixth century, St. Benedict established twelve monasteries in the Holy Land, from which branched numerous other religious houses of the Benedictine order.

Page 66, line 4.

During the occupation of Alexandria by the Saracens, A.D. 638 (as described by Abulpharagius), Amrou conceived so strong a friendship for Johannes Philoponus, a grammarian, the last surviving disciple of Ammonius, that the learned Greek ventured to petition for a gift of the library, already sentenced to destruction. On reference to the Khaliph, the answer described in the text was forwarded from Damascus, and the precious library (described by Livy as "*elegantia regum curaque egregium opus*"), supplied fuel for six months to the baths of Alexandria.

This tale, repeated by the Byzantine historians, but omitted by Eutychius, appears very problematical. The greater portion of the MSS. were written on parchment, a far from igneous material; and the reverence testified by Mahometans towards every writing containing the name of God, is now proverbial. Yet a large portion of those MSS. were of a theological nature, many of them in the Arabic and Persian languages! Gibbon, in the "*Decline and Fall*," and Renanot, in his history of the Alexandrian Patriarchs, discredit, on good grounds, the magnitude and destruction of the Alexandrian library.

Page 66, line 23.

Until the third century, the epistles of Paul were read from the originals in the churches of Corinth and Rome.

Page 67, line 7.

The first 50,000 of the army collected by Chosroës to march against Heraclius, were called the Golden Spears.

Page 68, line 2.

The date of Homer's birth is uncertain, being placed by the Arundelian marbles, B.C. 907, as the contemporary of Hesiod, and by other authorities a century earlier, about the time when David reigned in Israel.

Page 68, line 4.

Anacreon flourished B.C. 532; the prophet Daniel B.C. 534. Malachi, the last of the prophets, about 400 B.C., was the contemporary of Euripides and Aristophanes.

Page 68, line 14.

Prasiane, a large island at the mouth of the Indus, colonized by the Greeks.

Page 70, line 6.

The power of the Popes is scarcely considered to have been established till the concessions granted by Phocas, A.D. 606.

Page 70, line 12.

Zoroaster was one of the greatest lawgivers and most profound philosophers of the ancient world; and many of his axioms, like those of Confucius, reveal the wisdom of the portico just as the fables of Pilpay and Lokman stand their ground by the side of those of Æsop and Phædrus. Zoroaster is described by Prideaux and Hyde as the contemporary of

Darius Hydaspes; by Justin, as reigning in Bactria, and the contemporary of Ninus. He was the originator of the sect of the Magi, and as such vulgarly accounted the father of magic. In the sublime language of the Zenda-Vesta, God is called "Time without bounds": a more sublime expression in a Pagan mouth than the—

Παῖς ἀνθρώπων καὶ θεῶν καί, of Homer.

The "*Hominium pater atque deorum*," of Virgil;

Or "*Nec habet quidquàm simile*," of Horace;

Page 70, line 16.

The first *Kebla* suggested by Mahomet was Jerusalem; and would have remained so, could the Jews have been persuaded to adopt him as their promised Messiah. The Musulmans were afterwards instructed to perform their five daily prayers with their faces towards Mecca, as containing the sacred temple of the Caaba.

Page 71, line 8.

The legend of St. Veronica asserts that, having wiped the sweat from the agonised brow of Christ when bearing his cross, his countenance remained indelibly impressed on the handkerchief.

Page 71, line 24.

Pliny represents the passion of the Romans for furniture of citron wood to have risen to such a height, that the price of an estate, or 12,000*l.* sterling, was given for a table five feet in diameter (*Hist. Nat.* XIII. p. 29). It was brought from Mauritania, and in colour resembled our satin wood, but was of harder grain. It is still in high favour in China. Salmasius has a long inquiry into the exact nature of the tree called *citrus*, which some believe to be a kind of cypress, others the common orange, or lemon.

Page 73, line 22.

In the sack of Ctesiphon, or Almazar, by the Saracens, a sum of three thousands of thousands of thousands of gold pieces is said by Elmacin to have fallen into their hands !

Page 75, line 19.

Abubeker was the friend, father-in-law, and successor of Mahomet. During his Khaliphate, the palm leaves on which the Koran was inscribed (some say the shoulder of mutton bones) were first collected into a serial form. He was buried in the tomb of Mahomet.

Page 78, line 14.

Yezid, the son of the prudent Mohavyah (who in his youth officiated as secretary to Mahomet), was a feeble and inert prince. The command of the expedition against Constantinople was consequently intrusted to Sophian, a veteran warrior. The expedition was also accompanied by Abu Ayub, or Job, a venerable brother-in-arms of Mahomet, who was killed in the siege. When, eight centuries afterwards, the conquest of Constantinople by Mahomet established the Turks in Europe, the grave of Ayub was sought out and covered with honours, and the site made the scene of consecration for the sultans of the empire.

Page 79, line 5.

The return of the Emperor Heraclius from Tauris to Constantinople, after the defeat of the Persians, as recorded by Theophanes and Nicephorus, was one of the most gorgeous triumphal marches of antiquity.

Page 80, line 23.

The Venetians attained some consequence as a maritime republic in the eighth century. See the *Verona Illustrata* of the Marchese Maffei. Cassiodorus, the Minister of Theodoric,

describes them as water fowl, who had fixed their nests upon the waters. The province of Venetia originally extended from the confines of Pannonia to the Rhaetian Alps, and the inhabitants dispersed by Attila created to themselves a city on the breast of the ocean. The Esarchate of Ravenna was rescued from the Lombards by the aid of the Venetians.

Page 81, line 20.

Mahomet was so simple in his habits of life as to perform the usual domestic offices, milking the ewes, and mending his shoes and woollen garments with his own hand. According to Gibbon, when Abubeker accepted the Khaliphate, he caused an inventory of his household goods to be made by his daughter Ayesha, that he might in nothing apportion to himself the property of the state. Othman, the third Khaliph, used to repair, on foot, to the Mosque of Medina in a cotton gown and coarse turban, bearing his bow in his hand instead of a walking staff. The food of the early Khaliphs consisted of dates and barley-bread.

Page 90, line 21.

The lustrations of sand enjoined by the Prophet in countries where water was wanting, were the result of the reluctance of his followers to attempt the conquest of provinces destitute of water for the fulfilment of the law. The law of the Koran, like the temporal portion of the law of Moses, was adapted so exclusively to the wants of the climate and country, and the legislation of a wandering people, that it cannot but excite wonder how, for a space of twelve centuries, it should have obtained ground in more civilised lands, and regulated the faith of classes for which it was never intended. So unlike are its covenants to those of the Christian law,

Which were not for an age, but for all time.

Page 91, line 7.

St. Jerome, reared in the study of the master-works of Greece and Rome, had some difficulty in estranging his mind

from their seductive eloquence. The anachoret has informed us that he used to fast before he opened the pages of Cicero, and did not permit himself the recreation of a page of Plato till after vigils of prayer and tears. Attacked by a delirious fever, he fancied himself transported before the judgment-seat of God. "Who art thou?" said the Voice of Ages. "A Christian."—"Thou liest!" repeated the voice. "*Thou art a Ciceronian!*"

Page 92, line 19.

At the storming of Ctesiphon, vast stores of a white substance were found by the Arabs, and mingled as salt with their bread, which proved to be camphor, imported by the Persians from China and Japan, to be mixed with wax for purposes of illumination.

Page 93, line 17.

Cerinthus, one of the first heretics of the Christian church, promulgated a doctrine, that the nature of Christ consisted of a preternatural union of God and man,—a tenet mid-way between the system of the Ebionites and Gnostics. This doctrine is supposed to have suggested the *α λυεν τον ιησουν* of St. John (chap. iv. p. 3); and a tale is related by Irenæus, and discredited by Dr. Middleton, concerning an encounter between that apostle and the heretic in the public baths of Ephesus, when the former fled lest the building should fall on the head of the blasphemer.

Page 93, line 19.

The Monophysites, or assertors of the single nature of Christ, flourished in the reigns of Zeno and Anastasius, under the auspices of Severus, patriarch of Antioch. By the zeal of a monk of the sect, named James Baradæus, they acquired the name of Jacobites, a Christian order still subsisting in the East. As bishop of Edessa, he ordained fourscore thousand bishops, priests, and deacons, to the Church of the Monophysite doctrine. According to the annals of Eutychius, the

Jacobites pretend, however, to derive their name from St. James the apostle. Abulpharagius, the primate, poet, and historian, was of this famous sect.

Page 94, line 5.

Orestes, the præfect of Egypt, having been attacked and wounded by five hundred Nitrian monks, headed by Ammonius, the insurgent was slain by one of his lictors, and converted by Cyril into a martyr, under the name of "Thaumasius," or the Wonderful.

Page 94, line 6.

Hypatia, the daughter of Theon the mathematician, was murdered under the sanction of Cyril by the fanatics of Alexandria, in the Holy Season of Lent; being stripped naked, tortured, and committed to the flames. A tribute to her beauty and virtues may be found in the works of Bishop Synesius, her pupil in geometry, and in the works of Fabricius, Vol. VIII. 210. The popularity of her school is supposed to have excited the jealousy of the patriarch.

Page 95, line 3.

When Xenophon, the great author of the Cyropedia and disciple of Socrates, consulted his master previous to repairing to Sardis to join the army of Cyrus, the philosopher, aware that the Spartans had signed a treaty of peace with Artaxerxes, disapproved the measure; but instead of opposing it, bad him consult the oracle, satisfied that it would intimate the pleasure of the republic.

Page 95, line 24.

Manes, the founder of the sect of the Manicheans, who, uniting the Pagan and Christian doctrines, believed that God created the soul, and the devil the body, flourished in the third century.

Page 96, line 1.

Zadok was the founder of the sect of the Sadducees.

Page 97, line 1.

The royal standard of Persia, which was captured by the Saracens in the battle of Cadesia, consisted of a blacksmith's apron,—the relic of a hero, who, in earlier ages, had effected the deliverance of their country. It was concealed under a coating of diamonds and precious stones.—*Vide D'HERBELOT.*

Page 98, line 17.

The valiant Zobeir was the first Saracen who scaled the walls of Babylon, and assisted in the conquest of Sufetula, 250 miles from Carthage, the fine Roman antiquities of which are still visited by travellers.

Page 98, line 24.

The feudal system had been recently established in France, under the Merovingian kings ;—a relic of their union with the Alemanni, under the Western empire.

Page 99, line 4.

It was about the year, A.D. 596, that St. Augustin, with forty companions, landed on the isle of Thanet, despatched by Pope Gregory to convert the British Islands to Christianity, where he became the first Bishop of Canterbury.

Page 99, line 13.

The first sun-dial was set up before the temple of Quirinus, by Papirius Cursor, B.C. 293.

Page 103, line 13.

Mohavyah was the first of the Khaliphs to attack the metropolis of the Eastern Empire. In the forty-sixth year of the Hegira, (A.D. 673, or of the Alexandrian era, 665,) was proclaimed the expedition against Constantinople. A

belief was prevalent among the Moslems, that eternal life had been promised by Mahomet to every soldier of the army which should first attack the Great City of the Christians,—a prodigality of bounty-money, exceeding even that practised ten centuries afterwards in Hungary, when nobility was conferred *en masse* on the inhabitants of whole counties adhering to the royal standard.

Page 119, line 4.

Callinicus, the inventor of the Greek fire, to the terrible effects of which is ascribed the repeated defeats of the Saracens during their seven years' warfare against the walls of Constantinople, was, according to Theophanes, a native of Heliopolis, and one of the greatest chemists and engineers of his time, who, after being for some time in the service of the Khaliphate, deserted to that of the Emperor.

The secret of the composition was for centuries religiously preserved. But it is now known to have been a combination of naptha and pitch, with other ingredients possessing an explosive force and defying the extinction of water. The Greek fire is called by Cumamus, *Μηδvary*; and naptha, a liquid bitumen, known to the ancients as *oleum incendiarium*, abounds in the districts of the Tigris. By Pliny it is regarded as the instrument of the vengeance of Medea.—*Hist. Nat.* II. 109.

Page 119, line 20.

Hebdomon was a palace of Heraclius, seven miles from Constantinople; near to which, under Constantine IV., (called Pogonatus from the growth of his beard during his early Sicilian campaign), the Saracens disembarked when proceeding to the attack of the city.

Page 120, line 6.

The Planisphere of Dendera, is asserted, by Biot, to be the work of the seventh century; though long supposed to be the production of the age of Ptolemy.

Page 121, line 13.

Symia, an island near Rhodes, is famous for its fisheries of sponge.

Page 125, line 18.

An axiom of Confucius.

Page 126, line 7.

Lokman, a prophet of Abyssinia, and the great fabulist of the Arabians, was the contemporary of Solomon, and sold into slavery among the Jews. There is such perfect analogy between his lessons and story and those of Æsop, that many believe them to be identical. One of the chapters of the Koran bears the name of Lokman ; and especial honour was conceded to his philosophy by Mahomet.

Page 133, line 23.

"In tam gravi vulnere idipsum carere omni sensu doloris miserius est, quam dolere."—CIC. AD BRUT.

Page 134, line 3.

"Felicem Niobem, quamvis tot funera vidit,
Quæ posuit sensum, saxea facta mali."—OVID.

Page 134, line 8.

Job, chap. v. and xxii.

Page 136, line 5.

2 Corinthians, 1 v. 5.

Page 142, line 23.

The mind of Gøthe, that marvellous combination of materialism, and high intelligence, was compared by Herder, to "a cupola lighted from below."

Page 143, line 16.

The Brazen Serpent.

These notes have run to a greater length than was intended; but the reader is begged to believe that as many more have been suppressed in deference to his impatience. That the last impression on his mind may be favourable, the following passage is extracted from an eloquent criticism by Benjamin Constant, on Schiller's Tragedy of Wallenstein; as portraying in the person of Thekla, all that was desirable to ascribe to that of Agathonia,—the personification of the Spirit of FAITH, as Telephus of REASON.

“On sent que cette créature lumineuse et presque surnaturelle, est descendue de la sphère éthérée, et doit bientôt remonter vers sa patrie.—Sa voix si douce, à travers le bruit des armes, sa forme si délicate, au milieu des hommes couverts de fer, la pureté de son âme opposée à leurs calculs avides, son calme céleste qui contraste avec leurs agitations, remplis sent le spectateur d'une émotion constante et mélancolique.”

Under such traits would have been represented by an equally eloquent hand, the martyr—AGATHONIA.

THE END.

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